Merry Christmas

McGill Daily

Happy New Year

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A MODERN CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Jimmy Panos

The characters in this story are not fictitious. Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely intentional. Furthermore, I see no reason for offering my apologies to Charles Dickens, as is conventional in cases like these, for I have grave doubts as to his reading the DAILY.

* * *

NAPOLEON was dead, to begin with. There could be no oubt about that. Every history book on the subject varified it.

Yes, Napoleon was as dead as a door-nail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. Not only that; he nourished a profound admiration for him. As a matter of fact, Adolf Ebenezer Scrooge was following in the footsteps of the Great Corsican—at least in those of them that had left their impression in mud.

Now Scrooge had a violent dislike for holidays. He looked on them as being the worship of a mob turned in the wrong direction. Xmas being the most important holiday of the year, he had a special dislike for it. If he was gloomy on holidays, he was a blackout on Xmas. The cheerful "Merry Xmas" wish had never left his lips. If anyone ever wished him a Merry Xmas—which no one hardly ever did, his soul was so black and cruel—he would snarl and mutter:

"Humbug!"—or the German equivalent, which slips my mind just now.

* * *

And so Xmas Eve, 1939, found Scrooge alone in his bedroom in his Berchtesgaden shack. There was nothing merry or peaceful about the godly night. On the contrary, it was bitter and tempestuous, as though reflecting the teaming emotions within Scrooge's nervous contraption of skin and bones, or as though all the spirits of hell were on the war-path.

The thought of spirits made him lock and double-lock his chamber door and search every corner of the room. There was no one there. He listened for the dreaded tick-tock sound. No, nothing—nothing but the raging fury of the storm. Yet he had that uncomfortable, creepy feeling of not being alone. He could have sworn that there was someone else in the room. He sank into his bed and tried to cheer himself up. It was no use; his mind wandered to the spirits again.

"Humbug!" he said out loud.

* * *

Then, all of a sudden, a chilly wind blew through the room and the lights went out. Scrooge was scared. Again he tried to prop up his moral:

"Humbug! Humbug!" he shouted.

And then he almost swallowed his Adam's apple: Right in front of him, out of nowhere in particular, appeared Napoleon! Napoleon Bonaparte, none other!

And the history books said he was dead . . .

He stood there, little as he had always been, stooping, one hand under his coat, the other behind his back. He glared at our poor Scrooge—our poor, poor Scrooge who felt the roots of his Charlie Chaplin mustache watering lavishly and his bones rattling.

Finally Napoleon spoke:

"Scrooge, I've come to give you a chance to save your soul. You're very much like me, Scrooge, and I have been wandering for a century with no peace, no rest. I'm so tired! So tired!"

* * *

Scrooge's courage was improving, once he realized the spirit's good intentions.

"Why?" he ventured to ask.

"Because there's blood on my hands, Scrooge," he replied.

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CANADIAN CHRISTMAS

By Pat

WHEN speaking of Christmas, of snow and holly,
An English Christmas is understood.
Though customs known to Sir Walter Raleigh,
The mistletoe's license for laughing folly,
And Pickwicky feasting, be ever so jolly—
Christmas in Canada's pretty good.

Where but here are the snow-piles growing.
Shaped by the wind to driftlines free?
Where but here are the skies so glowing—
Frozen rivers with skaters flowing—
Smooth white brow of the hillside showing
Bold curves cut by the speeding ski?

Where but here do the sleigh-bells ringing
Shiver the silence of soft, cold snow?
Where but here does the North wind stinging
Silver the sound of the carol-singing,
Wild snow-flurries to Heaven flinging,
Buffeting cheeks to a happy glow?

Canada's snowfall is seldom stinted,
Canada's waters really freeze.
Trees on snow-slopes, blue-gray tinted,
Flaunt snow-sequins, newly minted,
Forest trails, tree-shadow printed,
"Christmas," they call, "Should be spent on skis."

Christmas on skis can be spent in flying—
Snow beneath and the sky above—
Then in the evening, lazily lying,
Hearing the wind in the chimney sighing,
Watching the last red embers dying,
Dreaming of fortune, fame and love.

THE DUKE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

By Chuck

The snow in heavy flakes was
drifting down,
The rustics carolled out old Christmas lays,
In every cottage of the little town
The Yule log gave its bright and
cheerful blaze.

And Crandall Castle, high above
the scene,
The guardian of all that passed
below,
Had overcome its cold and baleful
mien
With festive trim, and windows all
aglow.

The coachmen cursed each weary,
failing horse,
As carriages of lords and gentry
fine
Came struggling up the steep and
winding course,
The castle would that night see
fifty dine.

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The gouty, grizzled Duke, well past
his prime,
A man whom gay high life had
quickly aged,
Sat waiting till his guests' arrival
time,
For once, his visage smiling, not
enraged.

His pipe in hand, he sat before the
fire
That in the castle's banquet hall
blazed bright,
In his huge chair; his rich, bejewelled attire
Made dancing patterns of reflected
light.

The guests arrived; their boist'rous,
mirthful noise
Refilled the hall with echoes of his
past.
Gaily he met them; memories of
those joys
Long done, recaptured his old heart
at last.

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But wait! The throng was hushed;
'mid silence deep
A lovely lady rustled through the
hall.
They watched the dame toward her
husband sweep,
The young, bewitching, Duchess of
Grandall.

Not half the years that greyed his
hoary head
Had seen that graceful form, that
face, sublime
Yet haughty, for the dame was
proudly bred.
That face had caused much deep
intrigue and crime.

The table soon was lined with
Count and Lord;
Seats found, the chatter rose, and
soon the wine
Flowed into crystal goblets on the
board,
And thus they passed the time till
they should dine.

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The Duke had seated, on his Lady's
left,
The Bishop of Delshire, a sporting
Friar,
Upon her right, the Lord of
Chevancleft,
A youth whose heart was burning
with desire,

Desire the lovely Duchess to
possess;
That was the hope that filled his
selfish soul;
The wine flowed free; with many
a caress
His voice, emboldened, did the
dame cajole.

Nor was she unresponsive; the
reverse!
Tired of her ancient lover, she was
glad
At this attempt her virtue to coerce;
And so she gazed with favour on
the lad.

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The sly old Bishop cocked a
practised ear
Toward the romance flowering by
his side,
And many a chuckle shook him,
many a leer
Escaped him, as he saw the Duke
defied.

The whispered tale came from the
the Bishop's lips,
And soon all knew the situation
rare;
The whole assembly laughed, and
spoke cheap quips,
And made a merry jest of the
affair.

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Principal Extends Christmas Greetings to Students In Farewell Message

DR. LEWIS W. DOUGLAS

For two years I have had the happy experience of being a part of your community and a member of your band of students. Soon I shall be taking my official leave of you, returning occasionally, I hope, to renew associations.

The essential difference between free nations and those that are not is that in the former the citizen disciplines himself by creating, after considered debate and through common consent, constitutional restraints on both abuses by private individuals and intemperate behaviour by government agencies. In the latter, discipline is imposed by unrestrained public authority, personal in character, often excessive, invariably arbitrary, acknowledging no constitutional limitations in its prerogatives, no lawful appeal from its will and no peaceful opportunity to seek redress. Free peoples discipline themselves; those not free are disciplined by the exercise of absolute external political power.

Freedom, liberty, the right of dissent, of free speech, the civil liberties of free people are, therefore, not eternal privileges, but the rewards for a proven sense of responsibility—responsibility to one's self, to one's family, to one's community, to one's nation, to the larger world beyond, and to truth itself. Responsibility means understanding; it means conviction, tempered by tolerance; it means determination, combined with generosity; it means the knowledge that comes from objective observations; it means the courage that springs from an inner honesty.

The hands of young men and women of your generation will mould the future of our world. If you cling to responsibility as the central point in your moral code, if you faithfully adhere to it as a guide to action, the present, even in the face of a towering crisis casting its shadow over our civilization, offers no insoluble difficulties, and the years ahead harbor no unanswerable problems.

With this last fling at you, may I bid you, "Haya con Dios," and wish you all a Merry Christmas and for the New Year and all years to come that deep sense of satisfaction that alone is derived from the knowledge of tasks well done.

L. W. DOUGLAS,
Principal and Vice-Chancellor,
McGill University

The Staff and Reporters
of the Daily
Wish you
A Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year

PROPOS AQUATIQUES

By Andre Ouimet

Depuis ma plus tendre enfance j'entretiens en moi le feu ardent d'une grande passion pour l'eau. Comment ce feu a-t-il pu cohabiter aussi longtemps avec son ennemi le plus notoire? L'explication dépasse mes capacités cérébrales. La seule explication plausible du phénomène m'a été fournie par un "ami." Elle se résumait en cette phrase charmante: "les esprits insipides se complaisent dans les choses de même nature." Toute conforme qu'elle puise être à la vérité, je n'ai jamais voulu accepter cette explication. Mais, peu importe. L'important est que l'eau me fascine à un tel point que, plus jeune, je ne pouvais passer un repas, sans tomber en contemplation devant mon verre d'eau. Ce qui m'intriguait le plus était cette propriété, que les savants ont appelé "tension superficielle." Pour mieux étudier le phénomène, je ne trouvais rien de mieux que de pencher mon verre, et parfois même le pot d'eau, d'un coté et de l'autre, ce qui se terminait toujours par une terrible inondation, suivie des calamités propres à ce fléau.

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J'ai vieilli: je ne renverse plus les pots d'eau, mais je n'en demeure pas moins le grand amant de l'Eau. Comme tous les amants j'adore les tête à tête avec ma maitresse. Aussi l'été dernier, par une radieuse journée de juillet, je décidai de passer l'après-midi avec elle. Je me rends donc de bonne heure, au bord d'un petit ruisseau que je connais pour sa solitude, sa limpidité et son décor romantique. Je choisis un petit rocher à l'ombre d'un grand saule, et je m'y allonge là tout près d'elle, si près, que je sentais sa fraicheur sur ma joue et que dans des moments de plus grande ardeur, elle venait jusqu'à me caresser. Je n'avais qu'à l'admirer, et à me laisser enivrer par mon bonheur. J'admirais ce flot qui va, va sans jamais s'arrêter, transparent comme le crystal, et pourtant ne se crystallise jamais. Le chant de l'eau qui coule à travers le feuillage et sur les roches usées par trop de bonheur, constitue pour le poète la plus délicieuse et la plus efficace des berceuses. . . .

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Les études, que l'on lit dans les gros bouquins savants, sur le plus merveilleux et le plus indispensables des liquides ne m'ont jamais satisfait. C'est pourquoi je me prends à faire de mon grand Amour une monographie à ma manière, et plus adéquate, à mon avis.

Première chose, le symbole chimique H_2O, employé universellement, est un bien mauvais choix. Ne trouvez-vous pas que la lettre "O" serait beaucoup plus significative, surtout si on lui donne la forme allongée caractéristique d'une goutte.

Ouvrez votre dictionnaire, localisez le mot "EAU". Que lisez-vous? "Liquide, incolore, inodore, insipide" . . . Feuilletez un traité de chimie vous trouverez une foule de propriétés physiques propres à l'eau. . . .

Jamais, cependant, vous trouverez écrit quelque part, que l'eau est ordinairement "mouillée". Quel oubli impardonnable. N'est-ce pas là, la première, la plus caractéristique de toutes ses qualités. L'oubli vient sans doute du fait qu'en notre pays favorisé entre tous, l'eau mouillée est tellement courante, que nous ne prenons plus la peine, de lui apposer cet attribut. Mais il existe des pays lointains (aussi lointain que le pays des rêves), où, ô catastrophe, l'eau est sèche. En ces pays où une chaleur tropicale règne depuis des millions d'années, en ces pays qui n'ont pas connu l'ère des glaciers, les ruisseaux, sont muni d'essoreuses à tous les arpents, et quiconque vient boire, doit passer le ruisseau dans l'essoreuse. Bien plus l'on dit, qu'en plein été, l'eau n'en sort mouillée que d'un coté. Vous apercevez d'ici, les difficultés pratiques qu'entraine un tel état de choses. Le soin à prendre, en plaçant l'eau dans son verre, si l'on ne veut pas risquer de s'étouffer en la buvant. La nécessité d'employer le bon coté de la serviette, lorsque l'on opère ses ablutions matinales, et que d'autres situations embarrassantes. . . .

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L'existence de l'eau sèche, vous laisse sceptique? Je vous en fait la preuve. Vous connaissez la "glace sèche"? D'où vient-elle croyez-vous? Certainement pas de la congellation de l'eau mouillée; car la glace que l'on obtient par ce procédé, est tout-à-fait différente. C'est donc qu'il y a de l'eau sèche, qui en se solidifiant

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A HEARTFELT PRAYER

By Wallace Gowdey

THE man walked along the snowy street. His face was aflame with the cold and wind, his deep blue eyes twinkled frostily. His pace was brisk, his shoulders square, his head erect. Occasionally he winced, for snow has a way of stealing through thin-soled shoes and seeping into the feet with a dagger-like twist. Into his coat pocket he surreptitiously stuck his thumb, which glared out from the side of his glove.

Hustling along the street he met the policeman. They exchanged greetings. The man's heart glowed within him as he stood in the middle of the sidewalk with the swirl of heavy traffic on the road, the glitter of fresh snow as it lay like a virgin mantle on the trees, gay decorations shining through the windows of all the nearby houses. Something benevolent and warm filled his very soul and overflowed, flooding the colder parts of his body with its warm spirit. "How are things with you?" he asked smiling at the policeman.

* * *

"Bad, I'm afraid," the other returned sadly. "You see, my wife died two weeks ago. It just seems to take the bottom out of a guy's life. At Christmas too, when everyone should be happiest. I try not to think of it too much, but I can't get it out of mind."

"No wonder," said the man sympathetically. "Time is the only healer for tragedies and a fortnight can't heal much. Haven't you got any friends or relatives to visit for Christmas dinner tomorrow?"

"Oh, I've had some invitations but I couldn't stand being in the midst of so much happiness and fun. I couldn't take part and I'd only be a wet rag. I'd be better off alone with my memories."

The man hesitated for a moment before he laid his hand on the policeman's arm. "Would you like to make me a happy man tomorrow?"

"Of course," answered the policeman. "Anything you say."

"Well then, my Christmas was to have been lonely too. I've saved up some money and I think it's the day to have a spread. So what if I were to get a chicken and some sausages and a mince meat pie and you come to my room at 54 Quincy street and help me to prepare and eat it. We'll dish up a swell meal and there'll be just you and me to enjoy."

"I'll be there as soon as I come off duty," answered the other, turning aside to hide his emotion. "And—thanks." He continued his beat with more vigour, while the man kept on up the street, slapping his hands together.

* * *

He was soon at the bottom of a hill. With merry shouts and the crunch of steel on snow, a crowd of young boys fled past him on their sleighs, appearing and disappearing in the shadows and light behind. The last member of the troop met with bad luck. To avoid a tree he tried to turn his machine

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AN OPEN LETTER TO SANTA

By Annie Mouse

DEAR Mr. Claus,
I am writing this because
There are a lot of things you mightn't know about way up
there at the North Pole;
There are dislikes as well as likes in my Co-ed soul.
This list
Contains the Gist.
To begin with, please make all the boys who know Brenda
Frazier
Disappear.
Let there be lots and lots of snow,
But DON'T
Let the wind blow,
Or my glamour will **Permanently** go!
While I'm up North could I have gin instead of beer,
And a Lawyer to drink it with, cause I'm kind of fed up with
the perennial and ubiquitous Engineer,
And at least one day that's sunny and bright
So that I can go out in the day-time
As well as at night.
Let my half-course **be** a half-course,
Not a whole year's work squashed into a term.
Let the pangs of remorse
Overtake you-know-who and make him feel like a worm!
Abolish those masses of junk jewelry everyone wears,
And do away with at least one of three proposed World's Fairs.
Wipe out Taylor, Sheridan, harem skirts and snoods,
But NOT hoods.
Take away snooty "glamour" girls and men who don't recognize you unless they're tight,
But leave the Annual Arts-Engineering Fight.
Please, please send me a charge account at the Pit
So I can go there and sit
And brood about the delights of college life whenever I feel
that way.
Under my Christmas tree I'd like Laurence Olivier,
And a new fur coat and a date for the Cabaret;
(When you have a spare moment you might speak to the
powers that be,
And make sure that we have it—if only for me!)
"The Afternon of a Faun" and "All the Things You Are,"
A heavy rush from a man with a car,
"Evening in Paris" and "Moment in Peking,"
And oh please, Santa, just one more thing—
The tall one, with the blue eyes and the curly hair—
Could he
Be
There?

THE DOCTOR

It was Christmas Eve, and what a Christmas Eve! It had been snowing for some hours, averting the possibility of a green Christmas, and now the brisk north wind whisked the powdery snow along and piled up huge drifts. The young doctor, Jim Stanley, was making his way painfully along the trail up the mountain from the village of Roland. This was the third time tonight that he had covered this trail and, as he climbed slowly up the slope on his snowshoes he told himself that he was tired. It was only by thinking of his mission that he was able to persuade his flagging limbs to continue, and by keeping before his eyes the picture of the child lying dangerously ill in the tiny cabin high up on the side of the mountain and of the parents nearly frantic with worry. The doctor had made his way up the first time when shortly after noon on a clear bright day the father had come for him. After diagnosing the case as diphtheria the doctor had been forced to return to the village, and now he was returning to the cabing carrying the precious serum and praying that he might be in time.

Five weary miles were behind him but he knew that he had three of the hardest yet ahead of him. Now he came to a turn in the trail and the bitter wind blew right in his face and seemed to chill him to the very core. He ducked inside his fur collar and plugged grimly on. Suddenly he stopped short and afterwards wondered why he had done so. Then the truth dawned on him, for as the blizzard lifted for a brief instant he realized that had he gone on another dozen steps he would have wandered off the trail and straight over a cliff to . . . . He shivered at the thought of it and after that never dared to take his eyes from the trail.

He was cold now, and acutely conscious of the fact. Tired too, and yet did not dare to sit down lest that drowsy sleep feared by all who travel in winter should overtake him. Then he remembered what the old trapper told him about that. If you lie down and sleep before a state of exhaustion is reached the cold will waken you as it penetrates your body. Yes, that was it. Realizing that his aching limbs must have rest, Jim flung himself down in the shelter of a friendly pine tree, and was soon lost to the world.

He did not sleep long for when he arose there was only a light sprinkle of snow over his coat. Immensely refreshed, although shivering with the cold, he started on once more. The wind seemed to be blowing harder than ever and he grew colder with every step he took. There was a row of icicles around his muffler, and he was sure his left foot was frozen as he had lost all feeling in it. He could not seem to breathe fast enough through his nose, and every time he opened his mouth the icy air rushed in and caused him acute agony as it threatened to freeze his lungs. On he struggled for perhaps another half mile, and all the while he was becoming colder and colder and the wind howled dismally as if looking forward to the task of turning his living body into a mass of ice. "Great God," he muttered, "How long can I stand it?" Desperation now seized him, for the first time, and he prayed as he had never prayed before, thinking all the while of his young wife and baby back in the village, and of his parents in the distant city.

High up on the mountain side the parents knelt around the bed and prayed that the good doctor might be spared and might be in time with the serum. And as the father moved to the fireplace to throw on another log he caught sight of a little stocking hung from the mantlepiece, and shook his head sorrowfully, wondering how Christmas eve could be so dreary.

Meanwhile a mile below on the trail, the doctor was nearly perished with cold and fatigue, and no longer dared to pause to rest. Over and over again the thought ran through his mind "He is my refuge and fortress" . . . my shepherd . . ." and he thought of Christmas and that first Christmas Eve long ago.

Suddenly out of the cloud of snow he saw a light, away off to the left of the trail. Thinking that there might be some cabin there he instantly turned in that direction, and then he wondered whether his eyes were deceiving him, for the light was white, so white as to be almost bluish, yes, bluish like the stars, and yet it showed up through the dead white curtain of drifting snows. He made his way more quickly towards it now, and yet after a few moments travelling it seemed to him that he was not getting any closer to it. Must be moving he thought, and then gave a joyful hail, that was lost in the

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A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

I've been listening far and wide
To hear some views on Christmas tide:
The only words that I've heard yet
Are "Wonder what I'm going to get!"
"Get," or, "Something cheap to give"
—To satisfy each relative:
And, as an answer to each prayer,
The gift, but not the spirit's there:
Nor yet is there an answer made
To every prayer that has been said,
—Some hearts are sad and filled with doubt,
And some there are who go without:
Should not those joys awaiting you
Be shared amongst the needy too?
It would serve only to annoy
To call our Christmas "selfish joy,"
Yet this, as can be often seen,
Is what it has become to mean:
—Who seek their presents to impart
Without a cheerful, giving heart:
—Who seem to grudge with clarity
Each cent they give to charity:
And those who wish folks joy pro tem.
For what they can get out of them!
It is, at Christmas, I believe,
"More blest to give than to receive,"
Let us then, through gen'rous giving,
Find a better way of living.

MULLIGAN.

JIM-JAM, NO JUMPIN' JIVE

By She

Right at the very start I want to say that I can't see that it was our fault. Our intentions were of the best and to say that we were hardhearted is to accuse us of a vice that not one of us has. This is exactly what happened.

Jim wrote us and said that he would like to come to visit us around Christmas. We were going up North, of course, as we told him, but he answered that he would love to come anyway. The family and various guests went up the day after Christmas and Jim was to come that night. Paul and Alec are great friends of his and they begged to go and meet him. I went too because of natural politeness.

Jim looked the same, only more so, but he wore a funny pair of navy-blue slacks. Loads of people I knew were there and I talked to them and Jim put his things in the sleigh and said they were all on when I came back, so I did not suspect a thing.

He loved the sleigh-ride. He said it was like living in a Christmas card and Alec said, "Yes, that's right, car board—car of board, get it?" Paul and I looked disgusted but Jim laughed. It was, I might say, the first premonition of trouble. None of us ever laugh at Alec's jokes.

It snowed all night but first thing in the morning we were all ready to set out. Jim had been rather quiet, which was odd, as he talked a lot, but not so odd once he had confessed that he had never skied.

"What never," asked Sue.

"Never," said Jim firmly.

"Impossible," said Chuck. He began to poke Jim as though to see what such a strange creature was made of. He did not mean to tickle him at all: it was just a coincidence, and Jim need not have been so huffy. After all we were very polite. No one asked him what he thought he was going to do midst all that snow, though everyone thought it.

Jim said it was not impossible at all. He had lived in Manitoba all his life and there they did not ski.

"Poor boy," mourned Sue. "All those lost years of his life!" She was only fooling, you know, and Jim was so sly to insist on telling us about all the golf and tennis and riding he had done. No one was interested.

"What fun," cried Betty. "We can all teach him."

Well anyone who can ski is full of ideas on how it should be done and to find someone who knows nothing about it, is to them as exciting as the discovery of a perfectly good piece of flannel must be to a moth. Such a wonderful place to lay eggs, as it were.

"The best method is to get someone to show him, and then—"

"It's all a matter of crouching."

"The trial-and-error way always. Put him on skis and let him ski."

"Far better to tell him what to do and when he tries correct him."

"Look, if you don't mind," said Jim, and he was then quite cheerfull, "I have my own sport." And from somewhere he produced a pair of snowshoes.

"Snowshoes. Good God!" said Paul, and we all felt the same.

Jim claimed that if we could beat him on the downhill, he could pass us on the way up. Which is a fallacy, as we told him. Also as Chuck said, we could not let him go raring around the country on snowshoes. If anyone should see him he would never live it down.

After awhile Jim said okay he would ski. We cheered him at that and it is rather sad to think that it was the last time we were all really friends. I mean, real friends.

We borrowed the caretaker's skis and while Paul and Chuck fixed them for Jim, we showed him different turns and stops, and generally showed off, but not too much, you understand. Jim began to look scared.

At length all was ready and we were off. In about a minute Paul happened to turn around and there was Jim still standing by the house with a dejected air. Can you believe me that the poor man did not know what to do? Someone told him to push one foot forward and then the other like skating, which he did, only he fell.

It was very funny to see him sitting there and I can't blame Chuck and Alec for laughing when they tried to pick him up, and as they were laughing it is not surprising that each time they would get him half-way up they would drop him again. I guess it was a little hard on poor Jim, for after the third time he said that he thought he could manage himself.

We were very helpful. We explained to him how it was done and he said he understood. Off we started once more and Jim seemed not to do too badly.

I often think people are wrong not to take advertisements seriously. That one about "Buy best," for instance. If Jim had paid attention to that he would not have bought such poor slacks, and the dye in them would not have run, and each time he fell he would not have left a round blue patch on the snow. But so it was: it looked like a new way of marking a trail because, being new on skis, Jim fell a lot.

We did not go very far—just up to the Alpine, and there is really nothing to scare you on that trail except perhaps Hubbard coming back, and I told Jim to take a sleigh. He was stubborn and declared that he would ski. Well in a way he did and in a way he didn't. It took him three hours and he seemed rather tired when he arrived home.

The next day was an even nicer one, though Jim was a little stiff. I had promised to go to see a friend in St. Sauveur but for his sake I said we would go by train. The ski to the station is a mere piffle, as you know, but there were lots of people on the hill and Jim seemed sort of embarrassed because of his falling and his ski-slack stains on the snow. I told him not to worry, yet somehow he did.

The stretch up from Piedmont to St. Sauveur passed off all right. We saw my friend and had an enjoyable visit with little ski-ing, which suited Jim. Heading back for the station about half-past five we passed that house with the St. Christophe and the verse about on one falling after they had seen it. Jim asked me if it were so and I said yes, of course, from native pride, I guess I shouldn't have, but I forgot Jim was superstitious.

The first part of the road Jim kept up pretty well and then we came to the bit, where if you get up enough speed you can go straight down to the station. I explained all this to Jim, and he was not at all worried or nervous. I went down first. It was late and cold and rather icy so I did not

(Continued on Page Eight)

REMBRANDT AND THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

I don't know at what age children are supposed to stop believing in Santa Claus. I suppose it is all a matter of upbringing, and that is why I sometimes blame myself, because Rembrandt still believes in Santa Claus.

Every year just before Christmas I begin to hope that Rembrandt will realize that it was all a joke in the first place. I mean I am sick of having to glue a white beard to my face even if it is only once a year. So the week before Christmas I had been observing Rembrandt very closely to determine whether he had learned the truth. The day before Christmas I suddenly lost all hope. Rembrandt was sitting on the floor picking fleas out of the dog with one hand and eating an apple with the other. He was muttering to himself. Being a child prodigy, Rembrandt often mutters to himself, but this time the muttering was different. I leaned closer. He was saying, "I must be good. I must be good. I must be good."

My face became pallid. Expecting the inevitable only too well I asked, "Why must you be good?"

"Ha," said Rembrandt, "because Santa Claus is coming tonight." Rembrandt still believed in Santa Claus. Ordinarily that would have come as a terrible shock, but this time I had braced myself. I rushed out of the room and hurried upstairs to gather my red coat and whit beard. Rembrandt was still muttering, "I must be good, I must be good. I must be good."

❖ ❖ ❖

Sometimes I really feel silly. I often tell myself that I am a coward and a weakling not to have the courage to inform Rembrandt. But I never inform him. So when I rush upstairs I reached into the closet and made sure that I had everything. This included my beard, a big red jacket that I sometimes use when I go hunting, a pair of high boots that my great-grandfather captured from a Russian officer in the Crimean War, a red nightcap which I had trimmed with white fur, and a pair of bushy eyebrows.

I don't always dress very carefully. Usually I just glue on my beard and put on my coat, because by the time I have climbed down the chimney Rembrandt is fast asleep. I don't have to climb down the chimney strictly speaking, but I do it to make the whole thing more realistic. But this year I had a premonition, so I dressed with great care. After I had glued on by beard and bushy eyebrows, I took some rouge which I keep for the purpose and put it on my cheeks and nose, because Santa Claus is usually represented as having red cheeks and a red nose. Then I took a pillow and tied it in front underneath my coat to make myself more corpulent, because that is the way he is supposed to be.

❖ ❖ ❖

When Rembrandt had gone to bed I stole out of the front door and was about to climb onto the roof. I usually ring some bells at this time which I carry for the purpose to add atmosphere. But the pillow and the sack I had, made it difficult to climb, so I decided to enter through the door. Just as I came

(Continued on Page Eight)

GENTLEMEN PREFER TEA

After All

After all, Christmas was a day on which they should let you rest—it wasn't so bad any other day to take those planes up and bring the others down—they swirled and smoked and "trailing clouds of glory did they come, to God who was their home"—that was Wordsworth and Eton and the days when life could always be one poem or another, and lilacs and all the sort of things he was defending by being in a plane on Christmas. But Lord, why not take off one day a year—they told us we were having a truce and we relaxed and pretended there was no bloody war and that Dudley hadn't been picked off yesterday, and we read and wrote letters and drank toasts and told tales of other days and other Christmases till we all got a bit tight. And then orders to chase off three of those damned idiots who couldn't keep their Christmas spirit inside their own lines but had to come and pester us with it. Oh well, c'est la guerre.

It's a magnificent world from up here—cold but clear as the candy world that used to be under the Christmas tree when—oh, years ago, before we learned to kill. I wonder when we did actually learn to kill? —I suppose we didn't know it, but in those years when we were finding out about honor and poetry we were apprenticing, because it is those things which we are killing for. Perhaps if we had been taught instead that nothing should mean anything to us, and they had been taught that too, we wouldn't be here on Christmas—but then, of course, we wouldn't mind being here on Christmas, and that would be worse.

That railroad down there—just like the one under the tree there at home, but this one works better—ours spluttered and crackled and coughed as it carried its candy cane cargo around and around and around—and it never worried about bombs because if one of the silver bulbs dropped on it, it was the silverness that was hurt, not the train. And such a funny noise it made—a kind of prickled purr, loud but very comforting—

My God! What am I thinking about—that isn't a purr from years ago, but from across the sky right now—that's their triumverate! Better signal the others in case they are under their trees too. Well, here goes. It's funny how numb and impersonal you get up here—it's a game, and it doesn't even matter if you get killed—or it doesn't seem too as long as you never do. These birds are a bit tough—they send their best with their Christmas greetings. Well, there's one of them gone. Jim got him. Now it's two against three and we ought to get home soon. I'll pick one and let the others—My God! There goes Jeff—he must have taken it from the first one. That seems to even the odds. Funny how these dogfights seem so unreal—like snowballs in the alley ages ago. This guy is good he knows all the tricks of the trade—no doubt about it. I wonder what he's like—probably a damned fine lad. His face swopped by so fast the last time that I didn't even know he had one. Here he comes again—he certainly can handle that gadget he's got there. I wonder how the others are coming out—where the hell are they?—not that black trash pile down in the field?—Hey—Jim's down too and they are both on my tail. Well, this is sport. Try to pick off the new one first—save the best

(Continued on Page Three)

MARTLET'S SOLILOQUY

To ski, or not to ski: that is the question:
Whether 'tis harder on the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of ambition thwarted
Or to place skis on feet and poles in hand
And by a trial end it? To ski: to leap;
Aye more; for by a leap maybe we'll end
Ambition or the thousand natural fears
That now assail us, that possibility
So ardently we've wished. To ski, to leap;
To leap perchance to fall: ay, there's the rub;
For in that leap on skis what bumps may come
When we have buckled on these hunks of wood,
Must make us pause. There is the chance
That makes calamity of too long leaps;
For who would miss the thrill and sport of skis
The jumper's pride, th' excitement of the slalom,
The Christiania's jerk, the Stem's slow sway
The Telemark's smooth glide and all the turns
That only patient practice doth acquire.
When he himself might his own thrills have
Had he but guts? Who would snow shoes wear
To grunt and sweat slowly across the snows,
But that the dread of something about skis
Their unexpected movements of whose cause
Only the expert knows, puzzles us all
And makes us rather stay in camp and drink
Than face those dangers that we know well of?

—C. L. H.

"Jude the Obscure"

There are some people in this world who are more ordinary than even the most ordinary of people. We meet them at some unimportant gathering and forget them as soon as we leave. We forget their faces, their voices and their names. We are left with a void in our memory, with a conscious feeling that we have met someone but we cannot remember who or what he was. Of such was Jude.

Jude was not acquainted with many people. He had one or two friends; but even these, in their knowledge of Jude, might be better termed acquaintances than friends. Occasionally he took some girl out for an evening. His wit was neither brilliant nor dull. He was neither tall nor short, handsome nor ugly. On afterthought, he was only noticeable by the fact that he was not noticeable. He mingled with a crowd and was lost in it. He took on the nature of his surroundings so much as to become indistinguishable from them. He was a human chameleon, adapting himself to everything and being submerged in his environment.

Even so very ordinary a man as Jude has a mind, feelings and hopes. He was continually being trod upon by people who thought him an automaton, a man who had no feelings and no mind. He was continually being left out of all activities because no one remembered him.

All this had hurt him at first. He wanted to be like other people, to do what other people did. However, no matter how hard he tried, people still took no notice of him. He was born not to be noticed and there was nothing he could do about it. The Fates had spoken and they would not retract their words. Gradually, Jude became accustomed to these blows and they lost their effect upon him. He became reticent and faded more and more into the background. Finally he gave up the struggle. He had literally lost his senses but he still retained one hope.

Jude was miserable in the exile forced upon him by the gods and when he found music for the first time, he embraced it with both arms. Soon all he thought about was music. Music was his only companion, his only sympathizer, and his only lover. However, Jude could barely make both ends meet with his meagre salary. He could hardly ever afford luxuries, and luxuries to Jude meant musical recitals and concerts. Few and far between were the evenings when he could afford to go to the opera. He would have liked to go more often but it cost so much and his salary allowed him only to eat. He might have been able to go without some meals and in that manner save enough money to go more often. Jude knew, however, that eating is far more important than listening to music. Indeed, Jude was a very ordinary man.

Soon Jude began looking for a cheaper way of getting music. He searched about him and at last he found it. He found the organ-grinders, the street-spielers. He walked down streets far from his accustomed path so that he might hear music. All music was great music. Gradually he came to hear music in the wind, in man's voice and in the steam-engine's hiss. He was entranced by the music that he heard. He wondered how man could be so deaf to the music of the world. Life passed on for this ordinary man and with the increasing years his love for music increased.

With the passage of years, this man acquired a longing for a musical instrument. Of all musical instruments he chose the one he could least hope to have. Day and night he dreamt of the time when he would have a piano of his own. To own a piano became his sole reason for existence. His fanaticism for music was diverted into this desire. All his thoughts were now taken up with it alone. He knew where he was going to place it, what colour it was, how high it was and he knew—in fact, he knew everything there was to know about his piano. Jude did not have the piano and this hurt him deeply.

At about this time the Fates, who had been so cruel to Jude, stepped in, in a very curious manner. Christmas was at hand and Jude was wandering about the brightly-lit streets, peering through windows at the presents inside. In particular he gazed at the pianos in the music-stores. It seemed to Jude that he would never own a piano. Suddenly he heard a scream behind him. He turned and at a glance saw what was happening. A thief had snatched away a purse from a well-dressed woman who was coming out from one of the stores. Jude ran swiftly after him and managed to recover the purse. The rich woman seemed very grateful for her purse and he surmised that it contained valuables. She insisted on driving Jude to his lodgings. In the course of conversation she learned of his desire for a piano and his love for music. He got off outside his house and the car drove on. He had wanted no reward, but he felt that she should have at least offered one to him.

Christmas came. Jude climbed dejectedly up to his room. Christmas merely served to remind him of the emptiness of his life. If he only had a piano! Slowly he opened the door of his room. At first he could not believe his eyes. There, in front of him, stood his dream-piano, the piano he had always imagined himself owning. Where had it come from? At once Jude answered his self-posed question. He knew that the well-dressed woman had sent it. He remembered with what interest she had listened to the telling of his desire for a piano. Yes, it had come from her. No doubt about it. He sat down and gingerly touched the keys. Soon the room was reverberating with beautiful music.

Jude was in seventh heaven. Suddenly he heard someone at the door. Who could it be? Why it must be that fair lady coming to see him. He must thank her for her kindness. He rose and opened the door. Two men were outside. "Sorry bud," they said "Hope we haven't caused you any trouble but we delivered this piano here by mistake." Everything swam before Jude's eyes.

Four hours later someone knocked at Jude's door and brought in a piano. "From the lady you rescued last week," they said and left. Jude did not touch the piano. He knew that there was some trick to it, that the men were fooling him.

A month later Jude was in the insane asylum. He was continually jabbering about men, music and pianos. Finally they brought him a piano. Jude looked at the piano, turned and simply said to his guards, "I want a piccolo."

—NATHAN KALICHMAN.

WINTER TWILIGHT

Less than an hour ago, the Laurentian hills had been soft and blue and lovely in the winter afternoon; now they were grey and chilly, their presence almost stifling. Winter twilight—pallid, icy cold and cheerless. The light was a dull grey, for the sun had set, but the few stars out were still too faint to give any heartening rays: they were chill and drear, like the rest of the cold, pale sky.

North of Notre Dame de la Montagne, it was worse than ever, Carl thought. The country was somehow "all wrong," as he put it to himself: even the wayside shrine just outside Ste. Agnes, atop the hill, was twisted to an angle that gave its black silhouette against the sky an aspect of pure evil like the statues in de la Mare's "All Hallows." "The Church of the Impenitent Magdalen," some humorist had named it, and there was a horrid appropriateness to that name.

Ruth was shivering beside him. "I don't like it, Carl," she said, like a frightened little girl. He forced a roughly humorous remark, and plunged ahead.

Something was bothering him. His mind was phrasing thoughts which implied the existence of a mysterious "They." Several times he caught the sentences as they flashed through his brain. "They can't get through at me if I keep going." "They follow us, no matter how fast we go." "Maybe we can get away from them at the next ridge."

"They" existed all right. They were all around him, inimical, even hostile, ready to come through at him if he relaxed his guard for an instant. What "coming through" meant, he had no idea; he only knew that it was the right expression, and it bothered him.

He could hear them, too, wild, far-off, inarticulate cries, mocking and threatening. The sounds were not external; he heard them as one hears in imagination a piece of music. But these were not imagination; that was the difference.

They sounded familiar, too. He suddenly realized that they had never been quiet, that he had always heard them, but here in the silence of the winter dusk, they stood out. No, it wasn't that; he'd been out after dark like this before, without being caught by them. Something about the country made them bolder: the land from Notre Dame north was hag-ridden with them. He wished he knew what They were. They were getting worse, too; they'd get at him if he didn't get in soon.

He ran down a little hill, and stopped with a sharp twist. Below him, the land dropped to a valley, and at the bottom, infinitesimal, he could see the lights of Notre Dame de la Montagne. The valley wall dropped a steep, vertiginous, three hundred feet, and slanting down the side led a plunging, curving trail.

As he adjusted his harness, Ruth came up beside him. "Think you can make it?" he asked her.

"I guess so," she answered hesitantly. "We've got to. They're—" She checked herself abruptly.

He felt a spasm of worry. "You feel it, too?" he blurted out.

"All around us," she told him. "It'll soon be too late. You make a track, and I'll follow."

He turned to go, but she checked him. "Stay with me—don't leave me alone for a while yet."

He held her close for a few minutes. In the dark, he felt her shuddering, and not with cold.

"Carl—Carl—"

He gripped her arm until he knew it must hurt her. She took a deep breath, and pushed him away.

"I'll be all right," she said. "Go ahead now."

He pushed on his poles, and was gone. He raced down into the valley, with no thought but the trail ahead. His exhilaration fled, as he swung into the open field in which the trail ended, and more than ever, he was suddenly conscious of the overwhelming, suffocating hills around him, shutting him in, closing in on him, looking against the darkening sky like monsters waiting to spring.

Suddenly, he knew what They were.

"No, no, it can't be that! Wish I hadn't left her alone up there."

The voices were all around him now, cursing malevolently, threatening, defiant, and coming closer, down out of the hills. Above them all rose one long, inarticulate cry of warning. It had a familiar ring, but he did not dare let himself admit recognition.

"Silly of me," he muttered. "Wonder where she can be."

He stood there, trying to pierce the darkness that was by now almost impenetrable. The ghastly thought was hammering at his brain. He wondered if he was going mad.

"Ruth!" he shouted. "Ruth!"

(Continued on Page Four)

A MODERN CHRISTMAS CAROL

By Jimmy Panos

(Continued from Page One)

"And there's blood on your hands, too. You're just like me, Scrooge, and you'd better watch your step."

Scrooge had regained his courage completely by now.

"Nonsense, Nappy old boy," he replied. "You were a dirty, ambitious conqueror. I am fighting for what naturally belongs to me. My cause is a just one; yours wasn't."

Napoleon shook his head.

"Scrooge, my son," he said, "you're fooling no one but yourself. You are my splitting image. Just because you roll an Austrian 'r' and you stretch your arm out instead of hiding it under your coat doesn't mean that you are different, much less better."

• • •

Scrooge was going to resort to what he considered his invincible argument—the Treaty of Versailles—but the ghost beckoned him to follow in silence. They stood by the window.

"Scrooge," said the apparition. "I'm going to show you the picture of Xmas Past. Look:"

And before Scrooge's wondering eyes, appeared a complete view of Europe, as if he were looking down on it from heaven—or somewhere. In Vienna, people were waltzing to the magic strains of "The Blue Danube." Prague was much the same picture. University students were marching gaily, blending their cheerful voices in carols and national songs. Warsaw was also enjoying the happiness the Yuletide brings. Everyone was having the time of his life. They weren't all prosperous people, but they all had the right to act and speak as they pleased. And war seemed a long way off.

• • •

These gay scenes touched Scrooge. For one tiny moment he smiled, not only with his lips but with his entire being. For one tiny moment he thought of happiness. But only for one tiny moment. Astonished by his moral weakness, he brought himself back to natural with an abrupt, military "Humbug!"

The whole scene went as suddenly as it had come. Napoleon sighed.

"Scrooge," he said in a sad tone. "It's time you stopped to think before speaking or acting. Now look, there's Xmas Present."

Again out of the window Scrooge saw the map of Europe, only this time the picture was very different. Vienna was dead. Streams of homeless refugees were leaving it to seek shelter in happier lands—the few that were left. Prague was drowned in blood—the blood of innocent people whose only crime was that they had sought the one thing they were by nature entitled to: liberty. Warsaw was a heap of ruins, underneath which lay the debris of men and women and even children. The entire continent resounded with the deadly thunder of bomb and cannon. Everywhere, even up in the cold North, there was bloody conflict. War was ravaging Europe on the night dedicated to universal peace.

• • •

Scrooge remained unmoved.

"Doesn't that arouse your sense of guilt?" asked Napoleon.

"No. It was inevitable. I could do nothing else. They had surrounded—I mean encircled me."

Napoleon again shook his head, but said nothing.

"And now, Scrooge," he went on, "I want to show you Xmas Yet To Come."

An even gloomier picture was flashed on the screen of Europe. Wherever Scrooge looked, he faced destruction and desolation. The continent was a pile of embers. Not one stone was left standing on another; not one living being was to be seen. The work accomplished by industrious mankind in thousands of years was turned into lifeless cinders. Ah, it was a pitiful sight!

Scrooge looked on grimly, silently.

The ghost said nothing. It only took its hand from under its coat and pointed towards somewhere off the eastern part of the continent.

It was a devastated graveyard. Stones had been unearthed and parts of skeletons were scattered about, glimmering morbidly in the darkness among the dirt and ruins. In a remote corner of this graveyard was a miserable bit of a tombstone, shattered by a bomb. Scrooge swept away the filth and bones with trembling hands and a chill ran down his spine as he read: "Adolf Ebenezer Scrooge."

He remained stooping over the gaping grave for a long while. He had gone limp all over. Then he slowly lifted his eyes towards the spot where Napoleon had stood. He was no longer there. In his place stood a sign. Scrooge strained his weary eyes in the dark to read it. Finally he managed to distinguish the letters. They spelled: "Jerusalem City Limits."

Scrooge growled and hurled himself against that ghastly sight.

• • •

"Ouch, my head," yelped Scrooge.

It was light again. He had dropped out of his bed and landed on his head. Fortunately for him, his head being the hardest part of his body, he wasn't hurt. He sat on the floor, puzzled.

"It was all a dream," he said to himself. But the dream had left a tense strain on his nervous system. He was still raving mad. He got up and went to the window. The sun was just rising from behind the mountains across the valley.

Scrooge let out the growliest growl that had ever been growled this side of hell. Then pointing towards the rising Xmas sun, he yelled in a frenzied voice which frightened even his own self:

"Nach austen!"

And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One.

A HEARTFELT PRAYER

(Continued from Page One)

too sharply to the right, yanked the steering apparatus completely off and shot off his sleigh into a snowbank. The man stopped the sleigh and rushed over to the boy. He caught him up and asked him if he were hurt.

"No," said the boy, turning his young, pointed face to the stranger. "I'm O.K. but my sleigh—my new sleigh that was to be my Christmas present, it's bust, isn't it?"

"I'll have a look at it," said the man, setting the boy on his feet. Tearfully the boy watched him as he took the broken part and tried to fix it to the body. He removed his gloves.

"What's the matter with your hands?" asked the boy. "They're awful red looking."

"They're all right, boy, just cold. Haven't your hands ever been cold?"

"Sure. I froze a finger once. See? This one. It doesn't hurt now though."

"That's fine. Mine won't hurt in a little while either."

Grimly he went on with the task of attaching the broken part, which he eventually accomplished with the aid of some string and his ingenuity. "Good as new, boy" he announced as he put on his gloves. The thumb stuck out, rough and flaming red.

"Gee, thanks mister," said the boy as he jumped onto the sleigh. "Good-bye! Merry Christmas!" He sped away.

"Merry Christmas!" echoed the man as he continued his solitary tramp up the hill.

• • •

Gradually the houses took on a grimmer aspect; there was less light, few shining Christmas trees. The man turned off onto a narrow, dingy street. An old woman approached hesitantly. "Mister," she wailed. The man paused. "Could ya possibly 'ave a cent or two to make an old woman's Christmas a mite 'appier? I ain't eaten for two days. My husband's been dead drunk since Monday and we 'ave neither food nor light at our 'ouse. I'm tellin' ya gospel's truth, mister."

The man looked steadily at her; her faded eyes met and held his. "Sure, old woman," he said. "I think I can understand how you feel." He felt in his pocket where two pieces of silver rubbed against one another. He extracted one.

"Here you are," he said as he handed it to her. "Buy sausages with it. I was going to."

"Thanks, mister. If there's a God he'll sure bless ya for this. Now I can have a Christmas dinner."

"I hope it's a happy one," said her benefactor as he mounted the stairs of a dingy house.

"It will be if my 'usband don't come to."

• • •

The man opened the door of a dark, musty room. He turned on the little electric stove and put his hands over it. When circulation was restored, he took the piece of silver out of his pocket, added to it a couple more than he found in a bureau drawer and then made out a list of groceries. "Christmas eve," he murmured. "It's been a happy one." A light of exaltation shone from his eyes as the strains of "Holy Night" drifted in through his window. He turned to the small cot in the corner. Quietly he knelt down beside it and began to pray.

AFTER ALL

(Continued from Page Two)

of the Christmas dinner till the last. These guns certainly do make a bloody noise when the motor's going full blast—well, there he goes—now back to my first pal. Here he comes, slower though — wonder what he's up to—Lord! he's trying to say something—he waved the end of a red scarf and smiled—a Merry Christmas! Oh God, you can't let him do this to me—how can a man have any guts left if someone he's supposed to hate and kill wishes him a Merry Christmas? God, please God, fill me with hate—let me hate him just long enough to get through this day—any other day is O.K., but please God, please—you can't leave me like this! God—**give me hate!** Just one more round of those little bullets would do it if I get the right spot—not him, just the tank, so he can bail out—leaving one man alive on Christmas is no sin—he's going for me too—hit every damned inch of this crate but me and the tank—hard luck for him. Lord—I think I did it—he's spluttering and starting into a dive—but—

Well, he's through. I didn't get him but the fire did. What a day for his mother "Dear Madam: Your son stewed in hell on Christmas. Yours Sincerely." What the devil is wrong with my shoulder? The top of it feels as though it were 25 feet above the rest of the plane. I guess he got me too, but I was too busy praying to notice it . . . praying to hate . . . hate so you can have lilacs . . . but it isn't the same as just praying for the lilacs, somehow. Well, there's the home field . . . good thing . . . I'm a little dizzy . . . that shoulder smells like lilacs and I love the silver balls on Christmas trees . . . wouldn't they be surprised if I popped a big hollow one on the field . . . God, I'm getting dizzier and dizzier . . . bring it down for a nice landing though . . . everybody's watching, and waving a red scarf . . . merry Christmas . . . but they don't know I learned to hate . . . just for one minute; I couldn't do it again but for one . . . maybe I'll just go to sleep here . . . too tired to go to the barracks . . . and it's getting so dark too. Here come the boys . . . "Merry Christmas, and nice work" . . . "Thanks boys . . . and I learned . . . to die."

NOTICES

R.V.C. Glee Club

The R.V.C. Glee Club will meet the day college begins, Thursday, January 4. A full turn out is urged as we have some new songs to learn.

Special Coach for McGill Students

The Central Vermont is adding an extra air conditioned coach on the Ambassador going to Boston on Wednesday, December 20th. Train leaves from Bonaventure at 10.10 a.m. and is for the private use of the students providing a minimum of 25 students use its facilities. Special students rates will be in effect. For further information call MA. 7316. Mr. Lortie.

R.V.C. Ski House

Will the girls who are going up to the house on New Year's week-end, meet today in Mrs. Tyrell's room, Physical Education office, at 1.40 p.m. There is still room for two girls. Please sign up on notice board before noon.

Geology 1-141

There will be no new laboratory work this week. There will be a meeting of the Wednesday section open to all those who missed last week's laboratory work on Chemical and Organic sedimentary rocks. (W)

Lost

One black Waterman's fountain pen. No clip. 1928 vintage. Finder please turn in to Bill Gentleman. (W)

Lost.

Three keys in a black case. Finder please return to Janitor, Mining and Chemistry Building.

STUDENTS
After the Show, Dine at
"AUX DELICES" French Restaurant
All-Parisian Meals; Hors d'Oeuvre à la Parisienne; Sea Foods—Oysters, Burgundy Snails, Oyster Patties; Frogs' Legs; Chateaubriand Forestière, Crêpes Suzettes, and All-French Pastry and Delicacies.
EVENING SPECIALS
1204 ST. CATHERINE ST. WEST AT DRUMMOND

ACCEPTABLE CHRISTMAS GIFTS
Gift Books — Calendars
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Ask for our 40 page illustrated gift catalogue
The Montreal Book Room Limited
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SPECIALISTS IN FRATERNITY WORK FOR 17 YEARS
DEPENDABILITY
"Rush Jobs our Delight"
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362 Notre Dame W.
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Equipment

Harness and other equipment, flimsily held together with haywire and binder twine, can get you into a deal of trouble. There is a tendency for things to disintegrate when the going is particularly rough.

Good equipment for successful living is the habit of thrift and financial foresight, most easily acquired by putting money in the bank regularly. There is nothing like a fund of ready cash to hold things together when the going is hardest.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

At the
Union Cafeteria
TODAY

Leek and Potato Soup, 5c
Boiled Halibut, Egg Sauce, 25c
Lamb Stew, 25c

SPECIAL LUNCHEON
40c
Soup
Roast Turkey, Cranberry Sauce
Green Beans Roast Potato
Mince or Apple Pie
Tea Coffee Milk

The Gazette

Extends Hearty Season's Greetings to The Staff and Students of McGill University, Together With Its Best Wishes for the Success of All Their Endeavours in Promoting Fortitude and Sound Thinking During This Period of Crisis and Sacrifice.

News—Editorial—Sports

Ministry of Information

By Mumbling Minnie

Through the medium of my column I would like to express my thanks to Zeke, for his offer of matrimony, and to Al for his offer. (Their letters will not be published, but may be seen at the Daily Office). I regret that I will be unable to accept proposal or proposition, though I am highly honored and not a little cheered by obviously sincere interest; e.g., I quote, 'how much is your daddy worth?'

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Greetings

And should you not read further—
(No time, or other reason (?))
I'll wish you joy and happiness
Throughout the Yuletide season.

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A certain lab. demonstrator conducted an experiment on 'The Distortion of Fact Through Memory, showing that this is how rumours spread. He suggested that this information be passed on to Mumbling Minnie. I believe (if I haven't distorted my facts) that this is the same demonstrator who came down to the Daily Office and pretended he was a freshman. One of the reporters kindly showed him around and answered his typically-freshman questions. Perhaps that was an experiment too, but I don't know who felt sillier when his identity was discovered.

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Your Present and Mine.

The question now is not so much
"What shall I give to thee?"
As one that's far more delicate
"What art thou giving me?"

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Min, to A: "Did anything happen at the Prom that I could put in my column?"

A. to B: "Do you remember anything that happened at the Prom?"

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She wrapped her parcels
And tied them neatly.
But which is for whom?
She's forgotten completely!

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Getting and Spending.

"When I overdraw my bank account, would it be better to warn the bank I'm going to, or pretend I didn't know?"

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"Of course I'll have to change it, but the salesman was so sweet I simply **couldn't** resist—"

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Student: 'Sir, I don't think that I should get zero in chemistry!'

Prof: 'I know, but that is the lowest mark I can give you!'

"PUB."

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There once was an engineer
And he was wondrous wise,
He fell into a bramble bush
And scratched out both his eyes.

When he saw his eyes were out,
With all his might and main,
He jumped into another bush
And scratched them in again.

"PUB."

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Advice.

Don't stand by the switchboard
If waiting for Jane;
Just sit in the morgue—
You will save yourself pain.

I stood by the switchboard.
A voice shouted "JANE!"
And then even louder,
"THAT SUCKER AGAIN!"

—Contributed.

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The sleet froze on the sidewalks, but
Why did the Suzy-Q
Right down to St. Antoine, for
"The Daily must go through".

Breathes there the man with soul so dead
Who's never stopped and turned his head,
And said: "H'm'm, not bad!"

Santa Claus Distributes Toys to All Jitterbugs

Large Crowd of Swing Fans Dance to Music Of Maestro Archie Etienne In Ballroom

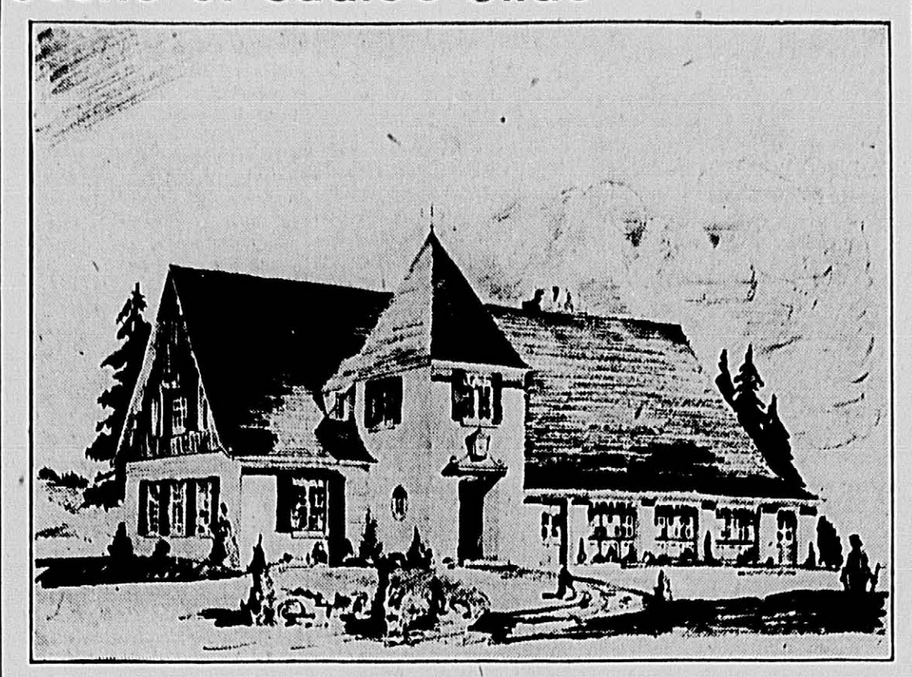
By K. E. W.

Last night was definitely the night, as anyone who went to the Arts Informal Christmas Dance will tell you. It was a fitting climax to the first term for hard-working? students and a goodly number turned out to dance to music of Archie Etienne, who is well-known to all McGill swing fans.

During the course of the evening, Santa Claus, played very convincingly by Ralph Flitton, was introduced with all due pomp and ceremony, and greatly added to the evening's fun by distributing Christmas toys from the balcony and watching his public scramble for them. (P.S.—Your reporter was nearly, but not quite, killed in the rush.) Santa says that all the girls tell him that they have been behaving themselves, but apparently his records tell a little different story. Anyhow, the co-eds did not seem to be doing so badly. As far as collecting toys went, for everyone seemed to be sporting a toy. As well as a boy.

Refreshments were served in the Cafeteria and Grill Room downstairs in the Union. The Christmas Informal was sponsored by the Arts Undergraduate Society, but was open to all faculties and in past years has proved popular with all (even the Engineers). This year seemed to be no exception to the rule, for not only was there a good-sized crowd, but all seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely.

Scene of Sadie's Slide



The Clubhouse of the Park Toboggan Club atop Mount Royal, where tobogganing, dancing and eating will be featured sometime during the fourth week of January.

CULTURAL TIES ARE STRESSED

Laurendeau and Bertrand Address French-Canadians

Maintain Need for Study of Language and Literature of Quebec

Responding to the need for cultural unity French-Canadian students at McGill University met last night in Strathcona Hall to organize a club that would meet these requirements. Mr. Andre Laurendeau, editor of l'Action Nationale and student in Sociology, addressed the group on this subject and urged the formation of a cultural organization to study specific problems of French-Canadian language and literature.

"The purpose of such a group," stated Mr. Laurendeau, "would be to facilitate intercourse between French-Canadian students on the campus in order to strengthen their cultural ties. Customs, language and literature as well as religion form the focal point of life in Quebec and the necessity for their discussion is imperative for them. The club might function in collaboration with several groups at various universities in the country."

Delay Dangerous.

Concluding his remarks the speaker emphasized the lack of such an organization at McGill and urged immediate consideration of the question. Delay, he felt, would only postpone a vital problem that must be answered in one fashion or another.

Representing the Bloc Universitaire of the U. of M. Mr. Jean-Jacques Bertrand explained the position of the Bloc at the French-Canadian universities. This particular group of students had banded together to discuss problems of culture common to all. A stand on national policies had been made at the several conferences held and students from Laval, Ottawa and Montreal had been represented. He urged the group to join the bloc and so identify their interests with that of French Canada.

At the last conference of the Bloc Universitaire several committees had been appointed to discuss problems facing French-Canadian youth.

Do Students Want Exams After Xmas?

Discuss Idea of Mid-terms Before Holidays

By L. T. G.

"But why not have the mid-terms before Christmas?" is the oft-repeated query of many a McGill Student. For as long as the present grads, undergrads, and even Old Bill himself can remember, the mid-terms have followed close on the heels of the Christmas holidays. As one ex-student remarked, "If it wasn't for those . . . exams we mightn't wake up on New Year's Day with that awful morning-after feeling." A Co-ed expressed the opinion, however, that her 92 in Trig was the result of the vacation alone. This statement regrettably met with the disapproval of another (ex) Co-ed, who got sixteen (16) on the same exam, and thought that the two weeks worrying about the exam might just as well have been spent before the holidays instead of during them. "Providing you worry, of course," she added parenthetically.

Therefore, students and co-eds of the Society for Having Mid-terms Before the Holidays Instead of After as It is Now (S. H. M. T. B. H. I. A. I. N.), who have anything to add, are asked to submit complaints in writing.

CLUB COMPLETES YEAR'S ACTIVITIES

Camera Fans Discuss Likelihood of Obtaining New Dark Room

With several new members joining up and a larger attendance than usual on hand, the Camera Club completed their 1939 activities at a meeting held yesterday in the Engineering Building. The main business under discussion was the possibility of obtaining a new Dark Room for their increasing activities. F. Paine, in charge of this project, reported that there were good possibilities of getting a room in the Biological Building, after Christmas.

A suggestion was put forward by Mr. K. Smith that the Camera Club work in conjunction with the Ski Club in covering the highlights of the northern ski trails. Pictures of competitive races: slalom, cross-country and jumping events, might be taken and perhaps presented to the Standard.

SUSPENSION

With this issue, the Daily suspends publication until January 19 of the new year. It extends to all its readers the compliments of the season and wishes them success in their mid-term examinations.

McGILL LOSES DEBATE TO 'Y'

Bercusson and Shapiro Represent McGill

Debate Issue of National Government at Present Time

The judges alloted the decision to the Y.M.H.A. last night in a closely contested debate with the McGill Debating Union, represented by Leonard Bercusson and L. Shapiro, who upheld the affirmative of the question "Resolved that a Form of National Government is in the Interests of the Canadian People at the Present Time," while a Y.M.H.A. team, composed of Harry Aronovitch and Sam Druker argued in the negative.

During the course of the debate, the first speaker of the affirmative endeavoured to point out that as long as a state of war exists, it has to be prosecuted to the greatest extent to bring it to a successful conclusion. The only way that this can be brought about is through a Nationalization of the government. People must have confidence that their particular parties are behind them in time of conflict. Nevertheless it was stated that although a highly centralized government, comprised of all factions, was necessary, it would be only temporary and would be dispensed with in time of peace.

Unified Body.

The second speaker of the affirmative stated that in a nationalized form of government, the best brains of all parties are represented, and these working as a unified body can bring about changes as swiftly as possible. If we do not want to relinquish our present form of government in place of a national form, that is, if we want to keep our democracy at the present time, we can be sure that we will lose it entirely once the war has ended. In other words we have to fight dictatorship with a more or less dictatorial form of government.

'Mistletoe at Christmas' Is Co-eds' Plea

Arts Bldg. Decoration to Be Hung Today

By B. M.

Upper class students are missing a familiar Christmas decoration in the Arts building this week. For the first time in eleven years there is no mistletoe hanging from the R.V.C. "Merry Christmas" banner. Instead, marking the place where the spray formerly hung there is only a small jagged strip torn from the sign, which hardly serves the purpose. Even the most self-confident undergrad would hesitate to show his affection for a co-ed before so many onlookers, with the only excuse a tear in a banner.

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However, the Arts Undergraduate Society executive has promised to remedy the matter. "They've just been too busy to get it up yet," according to Bill Gentleman. "Probably after the dance tonight they'll bring a piece down here." Bill frankly admits that he hopes they do. "We all miss it," he said. "It's a lot of fun when the girls start dodging around and the boys see how many they can catch." He chuckled as he recalled some of the hilarious scenes in the hall during former Christmas weeks.

Most of the students are disappointed at the absence of the evergreen and hope to see it hanging from the banner this morning. They feel they are missing a lot of fun and many wonderful opportunities. The freshmen, especially, think they should be given the same chance the upper classmen have had. When asked whether they thought the mistletoe should be in its usual place, one

(Continued on Page Seven)

CSA DISCUSSES NATIONAL UNITY

December 27-31 Date Set For Conference

Grant Lathe Talks to Group at Strathcona Hall

"Because McGill is on the boundary-line between French and English Canada, our delegation to the C.S.A. conference is of particular importance," stated Dr. Grant Lathe, national secretary of the Canadian Student Assembly, at a meeting of delegates to the national conference of the C.S.A. yesterday afternoon at Strathcona Hall. Dr. Lathe pointed out that the McGill delegates can do much to interpret and explain, and can make the two elements understand each other, thereby assuring a national unity in the conference itself.

This national conference of the C.S.A. will be held at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, December 27-31. McGill is sending 30 representatives, a delegation second in size only to that coming from Varsity.

Functions Challenged.

"We must face our problems as students and Canadians," continued Lathe, "for the functions of universities have been challenged. We can't carry on in a passive way, but must actively prove that universities serve their purpose. It is our job to see that they are providing what they should."

Reg. Louthood, Chairman of the McGill Committee of the C.S.A., said that he felt that it was important that the McGill delegation should look into what has to be done before going to Ste. Annes preparing themselves to contribute intelligently to the conference, and to bring back valuable suggestions to their university.

Fee Requested.

Students who are paying their own way are requested to by the C. S. A. office to bring in their registration fee of $5 within the next two days, as this fee is used mainly to pay the fares of the leaders, who are coming from all parts of the country. The rest of the money is to be in before Wednesday December 27, when the delegates leave for Macdonald from the Windsor Station at 4.15 p.m.

The delegates were divided up into four commissions to discuss the questions to be dealt with at the conference: the racial, social, and economic problems of our country, which is meeting in Strathcona Hall Thursday at 4 p.m.; Canada in world affairs, which will get together at the same place on Thursday 1.30-3 p.m., Saturday 10 a.m.-12 noon, and Tuesday, December 26 10 a.m.-12 noon; the function of a modern university, professional and technical training, educational methods, student government, meeting Thursday at 5 p.m.; university education and democracy, economics and higher education, scholarships, co-operatives, responsibility of students as educators, meeting at the same time.

The chairman announced that all students, whether they are going to the conference or not, are welcome to attend any of these commissions.

She: "My isn't television a wonderful thing;"

He: "Maybe so, but it will never replace the old-fashioned key hole."

—Brunswickan.

Hillbilly Hawkins Invades Campus After Mid-Terms

Co-Eds To Put Out "Daily"—Men Point Out Disadvantages of Having Girls Date

By H. S.

Immediately after the mid-term examinations that notorious lady from the wild and woolly mountains, Sadie Hawkins, will invade the campus for a six-day stay during which the co-eds will have their annual opportunity to learn how the other half lives. A new feature this year on the Sadie Hawkins week program will be an all co-ed issue of the "Daily." Usually reliable sources claim that the co-eds have a number of surprises in store for this issue.

Another new feature on this year's program is the M.W.S.A.A. Slide Night which will probably take place on the second day of Sadie's stay. The Slide Night is replacing the Sports Jamboree held last year. Climaxing the week's round of activities will be the Spinster's Spree, being held on Friday, January 26, at R.V.C., after which Sadie will take her leave until next year.

Began in Toronto.

The idea of a Sadie Hawkins week was conceived in Toronto on the inspiration of a Li'l Abner cartoon last year. Sadie is a character whose father was anxious for her to get married. So he proclaimed a Sadie Hawkins day, lined up all the bachelors in town, and started them on a race. The one Sadie caught she married. From Toronto the idea came to McGill and has become, it would see, an established college institution.

Of course the idea, when practised at college, is not so drastic; the girl dates the boy, pays all expenses, acts the perfect gentleman by helping him on with his coat walking between him and the curb and so on, but the boy does not have to marry her. This may relieve a number of unhappy souls who were planning to leave college during Sadie's visit.

Last year a number of men-students mentioned that they did not particularly care for the idea of having the girls act the gentleman. On the surface such a statement seemed incredible, for after all the gentleman always pays. Further inquiry, however, revealed the reason. One student explained that he was wholly in favour of having the lady pay but, he remarked, "When we got on the street car she took out fourteen coppers and dropped them into the box one by one. Now that's too much. I'd rather pay myself."

Sadie Maltreats Boys

Another told of how his lady-friend almost strangled him in helping him tie his scarf. A third angrily answered: "So what? So she took me to the Spinster's Spree; so what? Do you think I had a good time? As soon as the dancing started she ran off and danced with every palooka on the floor and what did I do? I sat and watched like a perfect wall-flower? Yeah, so what?"

Then there was the poor fellow whose girl took him to dinner. He ordered enough to send the girl's father to the poor-house and then the dear little lady remembered that she had left her money in her other purse. How sad!

SEQUEL

'Twas the night after Christmas,
and all through the town,
Every creature was sighing or
wearing a frown;
And down, with the stockings that
had hung o'er the fire,
Had come hopes for a Christmas
bringing ev'ry desire.
And Mama in her 'kerchief wasn't
sleeping so well
For the thought of her dinner,
which had sure been a "sell."
(which had burnt black as hell)

Disgruntled and weary, Papa in his
cap
Had long given up hope of an undisturbed nap,
For each time that he slumbered,
in his dreams would appear
Lurid ties that he'd got from his
relatives dear.

Big Sister, retiring, in her privacy
cried;
For her heart it was broken. She
sobbed and she sighed—
"When HE said that on Christmas
he'd give me a ring
He meant on the telephone, not the
real thing!"

Around the Campus — *Present* —

Today: Players' Club ticket money still to be returned.

Over the Holidays: Big doings during College Week at Lake Placid. Eight days of skiing, skating and dancing. Special rates offered to McGill students. . . . Varsity undergrads will occupy Canadian Youth Hostel at Lac Mercier. . . . C.S.A. meets at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue. . . . N.F.C.U.S. gathers at McGill Union. . . . Carnegie Music Room will be open Wednesday and Thursday of this week, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday of next week, and Wednesday, January 3rd, from 12.30 to 4.30. . . . Lectures don't begin until Thursday, January 4 so you have plenty of time to rest up after New Year's celebrations.

After the Holidays: R.V.C. Glee Club meets Thursday, January 4th. . . . January 15, 16, 17, 18—Mid-term exams in Arts, Science, Commerce, 4th Year Engineering, Physical Education, School for Graduate Nurses. . . . Friday 19th—Second term begins in the same faculties.

After the Mid-Terms: Sadie Hawkins has a reservation booked for the week after the exams. . . . Med. students are planning a luncheon meeting.

Around the Campus — *Past* —

In the beginning (which was the first of October), there was created the War Service Advisory Board. The C.O.T.C. came into its own, too, with full battalion strength. . . . The lowly freshmen arrived and were introduced to the university, and with the First Football Rally, the college year got into full swing.

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Convocation and Founder's Day passed, and the memorial tablet to Lord Rutherford was dedicated. . . . Sports day broke up the deadly routine (it rained), and the Charities drive got under way. . . . R.V.C. formed a Red Cross unit and got started knitting on a wartime basis. . . . The classes elected their officers.

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By Authority of the Senate, the Senior Hockey Team was withdrawn from the Quebec Amateur Hockey Association. . . . The Track and Field teams brought home the Intercollegiate title from Toronto. . . . The footballers lost another game, and the Annual board started those interminable get-your-picture-taken-before-its-too-late pleas.

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The Players' Club started casting for Russet Mantle, and the Red and White Revue began looking for chorines. . . . Professor F. Cyril James, formerly head of the School of Commerce, was appointed to take the place of resigning President Douglas.

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Lady Currie laid the cornerstone of the memorial gymnasium and armory (two copies of the Daily were preserved for posterity) . . . The C.S.A. announced that its national conference is to be held at Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, during the Christmas vacation. . . . The Engineers put out an issue of the Daily, make their annual raid on the Arts building. . . . Russet Mantle played in Moyse Hall, and the Prom (Prom . . . remember?) was held. . . . Artsmen enjoyed a last fling under Santa Claus' supervision, and college adjourns for the nonce.

Around The Globe

Foreign News, December 19.

Germans scuttle luxury-liner Columbus to avoid capture by British cruiser off Virginia; Tuscaloosa, American warship, picks up 579 survivors as another Nazi freighter escapes into Florida port. . . . Crew of Admiral Graf Spee interned by Argentina, will be sent inland to the interior provinces for the duration of the war. . . . Russian battleship is sunk by Finnish coastal guns. Two Soviet columns begin "suicide drive" in north as Helsingfors suffers third bombing. . . . Allies decide on aid to Finns as War Council meets in Paris; direct help will be given if Scandinavia is threatened. . . . U.K. fishing trawler is destroyed by air torpedo dropped by Nazi plane, another vessel is bombed, and three neutral ships are sunk. . . . Pope Pius will receive King and Queen of Italy tomorrow. Vatican paper is resentful of Count Ciano's speech before the Chamber.

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Canadian News, December 19.

Godbout plans system for selection of civil servants, would end recurrent job shake-ups and cut overloaded payroll. . . . Prime Minister Mackenzie King announces appointment of Sir Eugene Fiset to succeed E. L. Patenaude as Lieutenant-Governor January 1st. . . . The flag designed for the First Division of Canadian soldiers in France is gaining favor, may be adopted for Dominion. . . . First Contingent of Canadian Active Service Force settles down to life of intensive training in military camp "somewhere in England."

"HAPPY NEW YEAR"

By Daily Staff Cartoonist.

McGill Daily

THE OLDEST COLLEGE DAILY IN CANADA

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IN CHARGE OF THIS ISSUE
SANTA CLAUS

Montreal, Wednesday, December 20, 1939
Vol. XXIX— —No. 57

Au Revoir, Dr. Douglas

"Today is for me a very solemn occasion, for it marks the formal beginning of an association with you, a comradeship, a trust—in a sense a joint public trust which I hope will be as gratifying to you as I know it will be to me".

Such were the words of Dr. Douglas when he was installed as Principal of McGill University during the month of January, 1938,—words which were addressed to members of the University governing and teaching bodies, to the students, and to representatives of the Montreal public.

We were intending to say that within a very few days now, this association expires, but we remembered that Dr. Douglas, in relinquishing the position of Principal, is not altogether severing his ties with this University; he will return to visit us from time to time as a member of the Board of Governors. In a sense then, the association is not expiring, but merely undergoing a change.

We shall remember him as the Principal during whose regime was laid the cornerstone of McGill's long-mooted Gymnasium. This is neither the time nor the place to enlarge upon the importance of the fact that McGill has acquired, or will acquire in the near future, what Sir Arthur Currie termed this university's most urgent physicial requirement.

We do feel, however, that this has probably been the most important of Dr. Douglas' many services to the University during his term of office; were we to mention more of them, he would smile and perhaps quote from last year's Annual Report: "I can claim no credit whatever for that accomplishment."

Most students have had the opportunity of hearing Dr. Douglas speak; some have met him personlly and have been charmed by his personality and scholarship; a few have benefited by his sensible and thoughtful advice, among which number the *Daily* staff is proud to be able to include itself.

Dr. Douglas' sojourn as McGill's eighth Principal has not been as long as we might have wished, but it has been very gratifying to us. We reciprocate his Christmas and New Year greetings to McGill students, and feel assured that he has before him a long and eventful life in his native land.

Au revoir, Dr. Douglas!

War-Time Christmas

(Contributed).

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, goodwill towards men." The familiar Christmas message provides a sharp contrast with the activities of Christmas 1939. There is anything but peace and goodwill abroad in the world today. For many families this Christmas will be saddened by the absence of relatives and friends on active service. Men question the validity of a message which has been at work nearly two thousand years, and which seems to have failed to impress the world. Yet the fact that war today is regarded as evil, together with the fact that nations wage war in the name of peace is evidence that the inner heart of mankind recognizes the eternal truth. The message has not failed the world,—the world has failed the message of Peace and Goodwill.

War-time Christmas re-emphasizes the human need for a religion that meets the hard realities of life. Faced with trouble and failure, men turn to Him who was born in Bethlehem, for hope, for encouragement, and for inspiration. For He alone, of all mankind, has passed through every experience that can come to man, even to being unjustly condemned to die the death of a common criminal, a death as painful as any devised by science for a modern battlefield.

The celebration of Christmas in time of war brings hope, encouragement, and assurance. Christmas affirms that the day will dawn when peace will be realized in the hearts of individuals and between the nations of the earth. Christmas also affirms that the dawning of that day can be brought about as soon as man humbly kneels to adore the Babe of Bethlehem and says from his heart, "Glory to God in the highest".

Suffer Little Children

Christmas-tide has rolled round again bringing with it the usual promise of good fellowship, good cheer, and a little kindliness. There will be holly wreaths and mistletoe, Christmas trees and puddings. Even in Germany at Weinachtsfeier the mood will be one of "on earth peace, goodwill towards men", but the grim reality of war in 1939 will mar the occasion for no few among us.

The cruel irony of war is driven home by a letter that appeared in the *London Times* a few weeks ago. The writer, a dear old lady no doubt, expresses thanks for being able to buy her grandchildren Christmas gifts in the form of modern toy tanks, semi-realistic machine guns, anti-aircraft equipment and the like. Rotogravure sections of the week-end papers carry pictures of scale models of the Maginot Line which, according to London shopkeepers are in great demand this Christmas.

While grownups are engaged in an attempt to ensure a measure of peace and security for the generations that follow, the children are not ignorant of the bitter struggle that is being waged on land and sea. Modern communications, the general tempo of events these days, and the ingenuity of toy canufacturers, are seeing to that.

The situation now sets off in bold relief the sharply contrasted state of affairs when we were at peace. Then, parents and educators were up in arms against "unscrupulous" manufacturers who were attempting to pollute the minds of their little ones with a longing for toy guns. In those days the gun was symbolic of gangsters and detectives; crime was very much a local concern and always in the limelight.

Today the limelight is focussed on international gangsterism; the gun—a constant symbolic theme subject to variations—is everywhere with us.

Admittedly, the outgoing generation has made a chaotic muddle of its world, but is there any reason why its children should be enveloped from birth in the same insidious influences that spawned Fascist brutality?

Patty says—

For that angelic "Whats a plumber Daddy" personality, wear one of the new fresh flower bracelets. They provide a gay way to wear your posies. The bracelet is broad, golden, and set with sprays of pear-shaped "diamonds". So sweet for the young and dewy.

Dear Santa, I little girl named Patty thinks they're so pretty and my she has been such an angel all year.

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Startle your date with originality—its certain to make him take notice. Here are some examples seen on co-eds—not of McGill but of American colleges. Instead of the perennial bows pop up daft as a daisy with swansdown puffs pinned in your hair. Go temple-priestess with oodles of junk bracelets—worn above the elbow. Hide that one broken nail in a pretty thimble. Wear coal black beads with your white sweater. These are just a few brain-babies from the states—How about some added spice around here gals?

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Be refreshing as the fragrance of evergreens in the moonlight by wearing Frou Frou bibs. The wide-eyed angel child charm of these heaven sent lacy white luxuries are just the thing for luncheon dates right thru teas and supper dancing. More frills and ruffles on dainty disturbingly modest blouses to wear with skirts till spring. These airy lifts to your winter wardrobe are oh so concealing—yet revealing. You'll be a huge success with or without the mistletoe!

Dear Santa,

There are so many delectable things that I'd like for Xmas that it's hard to decide what I'd like the most.

But there are two things that I'd definitely go for which fit in with my hope for many Northern week-ends. One is a tyrolean wool sweater with fascinating floral designs down the front. They're perfect for lounging after a hard day's work on the trails. Of course, to complete the outfit, a pair of fur-lined slippers is just the thing for wandering around the ski-lodge in the evening.

Then, of course, for quiet Sunday evenings by the fire and "after-the-bath" reposals, I'd adore a satin quilted kimona or a chenille housecoat, and bedroom slippers to match—you know, Santa, the kind with the fur-lining that make your toes want to go in for some serious cuddling.

As saddle shoes are still making footprints on the campus regardless of weather, I yearn for a couple of pairs of angora sockettes to match my sweaters—which reminds me I'd love another one of those—a pastel shade with combination skirt.

Eton collars worn with a cardingan are becoming very popular—so a few of them tucked in my stocking would help me toe the mark as a well-dressed co-ed.

Well Santa, this about meets my wants—but, of course, if you think I need the odd pastel-shade afternoon dress—that will be fine with me.

So 'bye now and a Very Merry Xmas and Happy 1940 to you all.

See you next year, loads of happiness.

—"Batty."

"'TWAS THE DAY AFTER CHRISTMAS? BUT . . ."

"Ho hum!
Where'd all that cellophane
Come
Frum?
This ache in my head and this pain in my
Tum?
The radio is playing a song
With bells in it. I'm no Philo Vance,
But is easy to observe at a glance
That something is most drastically
Wrong!
There's a little tree in the living-room, covered
with stop-and-go lights,
And a limp but large cluster of white berries
is dangling above my neck.
White berries—they seem to be pleasantly connected with some of last night's
Hazy events. What the heck?
I wonder what would be the causes
Of red flowers growing out of vases
That have been empty for twenty years, or
more?
W)WP!!...xxxx!! X???!
Some playful humorist has scattered leaves
with pickles on 'em
On the floor!
(Very, very sweet
On the bare feet)
Now, let's consider this in calm and quiet.
Signs of recent feasting and unprecedented
riot—
A red bow tied to Fido's collar and white berries tied to the ceiling—
And here am I
Standing among a lot of barbed leaves with
a strangely rag-doll feeling—
And who's the funny-looking guy
That I see in the mirror, in the orange pyjamas
of too-roomy cut?
Ha-ha, they look like the sort of pyjamas I
get from Aunt Maude every—every—
WHAT?
Every CHRISTMAS! ! ! WHEEEEEEE!
Orchids to me!
Now the strange scene
Is clear
And plain!
How could I forget it? Sa.a-ay
That DAY
Has been
Here
AGAIN! ! !

—ISOBEL KNEELAND.

THIS CHRISTMAS EVE

We're far away from Bethlehem this Christmas Eve,
The note sound this year must not be heard
Beyond our sentry's post.
Our coloured lights are dimmed, and tinsel
hardly dares
To loose its gleam, lest glitter fall upon unfriendly eyes.
This Christmas Eve
Our stone cathedrals set in soft white snow
Have sandbags stacked in sullen row.
And yet with thoughts of shell and mud
We can't forget that Christmas Day
Gave birth to Christ and peace.

—ROBERT BLANCHARD.

A COLD IN THE HEAD

I'm trying to write a poem, but I've an awfully
stuffy nose
And a cough that shakes me from my head
down to my toes,
I look for inspiration on the ceiling and the
bed
But all that I can think of is my cold in the
head.

There goes the phone and its that fascinating
man,
I vow that I'll hook him if I possibly can,
But one look in the mirror makes me wish
that I were dead
For I'm not a pretty sight when I've a cold in
the head.

My nose is awfully red and my eyes are sort
of bleary
And you'd definitely class me as a woman that
is weary
For that smile of dewey innocence will find
in its stead
The saddened sneer that signifies a cold in the
head.

The Earth Turns

A few days ago Count Ciano made what was supposed to have been an "important speech." But contrary to all hopes and predictions it turned out to be quite unimportant and in many ways very disappointing. It seems as if the Count just cannot put on as great a "show" in his speeches as his more vigorous father-in-law. If Mussolini himself had delivered the oration he would probably have crushed the French Army in one sentence; and in the same breath he would have shattered the British Navy. Then, after having decisively disposed of his chief rivals, he might even have completely wiped out the Red Army and established a puppet government in Moscow; while his closing remark would most likely have restored the brilliance and glory of the old Roman Empire with Il Duce as a reincarnated Caesar.

But Ciano either lacks that great power of imagination or else he lacks the political power to imagine. The latter is most probably the case. The whole significance of his speech lies in the simple fact that the Italian diplomat was called upon to act as a sort of "international reminder," to inform the world that the Fascist Government was very much alive, and certainly ought not to be forgotton or ignored. Since the world, and especially this observer, has been constantly asking why Rome is so conspicuously silent while Europe is convulsed by wars and diplomatic crises, Mussolini, on pain of becoming a "forgotten man" had to show in some way that his Italy of eight or 12 million bayonets (I forget the exact number) was still around. But Il Duce really had nothing very important to say that would give him reason to protrude his jaw fiercely and howl away from his favorite balcony. And so he let his son-in-law talk to the world about anything he felt like, **except Italy's attitude toward Russia and her colonial aspirations in the Mediterranean.** Thus, robbed of the right to discuss these two very important features of Italian foreign policy, Count Ciano gave a long and dry speech in which he discussed such dead issues as Spain and the Rome-Berlin axis; and he finally wound up by scolding the Allies for not giving up Danzig and the Polish Corridor when the Nazi Fuerher told them to do so.

This speech is somewhat similar in character to the one delivered by Ribbentrop a while ago, when the Nazi ace diplomat laid down in detail the basis of a Hitlerian peace. Now Ribbentrop had very seldom made a public speech in his whole political career. As a matter of fact, whatever talking ability he had was probably cultivated when he was a champagne salesman just before the Nazis took power. And we all know that you just can't sell vital political ideas to a hostile world in the same way you sell champagne. But Ribbentrop's duty on this particular occasion was merely to test the attitude of the Allies for some sort of an agreement which would end hostilities on the Western Front. And when his job was done he gladly went back to his own field of secret diplomacy at which he is far more adept.

❖ ❖ ❖

An eventful year in the field of international politics is coming to a close. As we look back upon those last twelve months of political crises and war, we can see that the force of events has clarified many international problems which had previously been nothing but disputable theory. It has also succeeded in shattering many an empty illusion such as the fallacious belief that the best guarantee for peace is the preparation for war. Even though many people are prepared to adopt the defeatist air that "the only lesson that history teaches is that history teaches no lesson," nevertheless it is clear that if modern civilization is to survive we shall have to effectively reorganize the future significance of such conclusions as have been established as a result of our contemporary experience.

Post War Ideals

Two decades ago the concept of a peace based upon competitive armaments seemed to have been buried under the wreckage caused by a disastrous world conflict. Out of that war there emerged a pro-

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(Letters to the Editor must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender to show the author's good faith, but anonymity will be respected on request. Letters should be typewritten whenever possible.)

To The Editor of the
McGill Daily.

Sir:

May I avail myself of the use of your constant and reliable publication to convey the sincerest thanks to those who so ably, wholeheartedly, and successfully, sold the Forge Magazine to the student body and the University as a whole.

We, the Executive, were convinced that this year we had a publication more worth while than either of its predecessors. We trust that those who purchased it will agree with us. Though we could not say to anyone "Sorry, they're all gone," we were pleased to note that this copy's circulation was larger than either of the other's, and there is time yet. But for all that is done, much thanks.

Sincerely,
QUENTIN BROWN.

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Jimmy

To the Editor of the McGill Daily.

Sir:

Since you gave front page attention to Jimmy, the Dachshund of the Histological Laboratories, I think you will be interested to know that when I showed him your report, he gave a fluid expression of his sentiments—which I think were primarily characterized by disgust. He could hardly believe that a reporter of one of the most outstanding daily newspapers should be so lacking in education as to refer to him as a "daschund."

I wish to add a word of (more mildly expressed) protest to his. Although your reporter attempted to flatter me by calling attention to some obvious similarities between Jimmy's external appearance and mine, I think that he committed a great error when he believed that this similarity also extends to our attitude towards the fair sex. While Jimmy, as has been correctly stated in your journal, is generally pursued by adoring women whom he spurns, the reverse is unfortunately true of

Your obedient servant,
JAMES II.

found realization that some new basis other than that of force must be found to determine the relations between states. There arose a faith and a hope that a new spirit and a new system would come to prevail in the international structure of the world. The negotiations of numerous multilateral treaties and agreements and the creation of a League of Nations were important steps in the direction of a system of world organization based upon international law and progressive disarmament. For several years this idea of collective security was no longer a sentimental dream but a reality capable of practical achievement.

But that was the post-war period. It was very easy for statesmen to espouse ideals of international law and peace at a time when the world was still bleeding from its wounds. The peoples of Europe has suffered such great hardships that the resulting wave of pacifism that swept the world could not be checked until the period of recuperation had at least advanced far enough to restore some degree of economic and political stability to a disrupted society. Peace was thus a practical necessity for a decade. During that time the international atmosphere was filled with a great deal of talk about the principles of equality and mutual respect among the nations. In many cases successful attempts were made to settle international differences by paci-

(Continued on Page Eight)

Caesar,
sitting in his tent, from "Lights out" to dawn's yellow
Smoked his pipe of Picobac and pounded out "De Bello".

● Julius had a lot of De Bello Gallico to do—and everybody knows what Latin composition is without Picobac! Perhaps he crossed the Rubicon to go home and replenish his supply. Today, however, there is no need to cross a Rubicon to enjoy the pick of Canada's Burley crop, always a mild, cool, sweet smoke and conveniently low in price.

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Senior Basketballers Bow To Manhattan

Redmen Unable To Hold Small Early Lead

New York, N.Y., December 19.—(Special to McGill Daily).—Coach Van Wagner's cage team dropped their first of a three-game series here tonight. The Redmen were badly shellacked when Manhattan College of this city trimmed them 41-20. The visitors, possible encouraged by the large crowd's appreciation of their natty red outfits, held a meagre lead for the first part of the game, but collapsed rapidly after that.

The green clad Manhattan outfit were breaking faster after passing the ball and getting under the basket more often. High scorers for the New Yorkers were Jack Kravetz with 12 points, Johnny Flanagan with 10, and Jim Sarullo with 7.

Wykes Missed.

The Redmen suffered greatly from Captain Dave Kingston's shots bouncing out often after they had hit the rim. Nev Wykes, lanky six-footer who sprained his ankle several weeks ago and was unable to make the trip, was missed badly. McGill had general difficulty in penetrating the Manhattan defence. Also Hugh Purdie, who had amassed many points for McGill in previous games, was not up to form. At the end of the first half the Green team was leading 28-14. They increased the lead as the game progressed.

Dave Kingston was the high scorer for the Redmen with six points. Frank Giannasio, Burt Holdredge, Sammy Mislap and Warren Sandberg followed with 5, 4, 3, and two points each.

McGill meets John Marshall on Wednesday, and Polytechnic Institute the following day.

...daily sports...

by s.h.d.

Dear Mabel:

You know, it's a funny thing that so many people in college still don't believe there is a Santa Claus. To us it seems silly not to believe in St. Nick after all he has done in the past year. After all, if you are inclined to doubt my word, all you have to do is to ask Bill Storen. You know, the coach of the Western football team that won the championship this year. Of course he might not say there is a Santa Claus in so many words, but ask him about these Sir Arthur Currie memorial scholarships and he'll have to admit that they were the cause of as nice a bunch of gifts as any football coach could want.

Still not convinced? Well, why don't you ask Hughie Farquharson if Johnny Perrin isn't about as nice an addition to the hockey team that he could wish for. Especially after losing Russ McConnell the prospects for this year weren't too bright, but with the decision of Perrin to attend McGill, Cammy Dickison was able to play forward again and add more scoring punch to the forward lines. And some folks still think there's no Santa Claus!

And up around Toronto this year there were rumors going around that it was a good thing that McGill was still in the football league or else Varsity wouldn't have won a game. We'll grant you that McGill has been in the league since it began, but it was nice for Toronto this year. Of course you couldn't prove Santa Claus had anything to do with this, but we have our suspicions.

At this point it begins to look as if Santa had his headquarters out west instead of at the North Pole what with Perrin coming from out there and Harris Walker who only picked up two second places for the championship track team when he wasn't expected to shine particularly. Those two second places meant the difference in the track championship, and if Mr. Van Wagner is still unbeliever, then something is wrong.

Of course Mabel, you understand that plenty of people can point out that there isn't a Santa Claus, and with good reason too. Ask any of the members of the water polo team that lost their first championship in seven years by a score of 1-0, or Doug Kerr who would certainly tell you that Santa didn't pay him a visit when Perry Foster was put out of action in the first ten minutes of play in the football schedule.

But on the whole, we are sure that there must be a Santa Claus. All the evidence points to it and you can't argue with scientific facts so to speak. And so, in spite of what the cynics would have you believe, there definitely is a Santa Claus.

Notes in passing: In case you might be interested we might mention that the only weakness the Manhattan basketball team whom McGill played last night was supposed to be on the physical side . . . this year the squad only had six men that were at least six feet tall . . . and with Neville Wykes out because of an injured ankle the Redmen can't even boast of one . . . speaking of Santa Claus it would be nice if we could find a few well written columns floating around for us sometime . . . otherwise all we've said previously doesn't go . . . well, have a Merry Christmas and we'll see you next year.

McGill Outing Club Bulletin

The last indoor lesson of the Ski School was held this past Wednesday, with as usual, Instructor George presiding. After the New Year the classes will continue their schedule with outdoor lessons to take place somewhere in the vicinity of the Park Slide. Watch for notices of these on your nearest Intramural Poster after school re-opens.

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Another gathering of great interest to Outing Club Meeting will take place on the 19th and 20th of Jan. This is to be the Interfaculty Ski Competition. These races will be open to everybody in the college who is able to don a pair of skiis. Of special note for budding team aspirants is the fact that the team members must race, although in a class of their own, so that comparison times may be made between non-team and team competitors. The results of these races may well decide the Intercollegiate lineup against Dartmouth and in the I. S. U. meet, so the coach Jim Houghton requests that you make the Red Bird Cabin at St. Sauveur a port of call on these coming Saturday afternoons.

SPORT NOTICES

HOCKEY

There will be a Senior practice today from 1 to 2. There will be a Junior practice Thursday from 12.30-1.30.

SKI NOTICE

Skiers who wish to use the competitors cabin at St. Sauveur during the Christmas holidays are requested to write to H. von Colditz at 1536 Summerhill Ave. or leave a note on the Engineering Notice Board. Please give your name, telephone number, and the days that you wish to use the cabin. The cabin is provided for competitors trying out for one of the ski teams and for keen skiers of future teams. Men will be notified if their application is accepted.

WRESTLING

Beginning January 4th wrestling practices will be held every Tuesday and Thursday at 5 p.m. in the Montreal High School gym. In addition Coach Saxon will arrange for practices with the boys at Central Y on Saturday afternoons. All those who are interested are urged to turn out.

"Is Claude still mopping floors at the hotel?"

"Yes, he's the same old floor flusher."

—Gateway.

Short, Short Story.
Mr., Miss;
Meet, Kiss.
More Kisses,
Mr., Mrs. —Gateway.

Redeem the time, or the misspent moments will condemn you.

HOCKEY SQUAD OPENS LEAGUE ON JANUARY 6

Meet Boston University in Exhibition Two Days Earlier

RED CHANCES GOOD

First Home Game Against Yale—Grads Play at Rye

The current Intercollegiate hockey season of 1939 has ended gloriously for the Redmen, and they intend to make their success continue into 1940. The first and second battles of the new year are scheduled to take place in the Boston Garden, the dates being January 4 and 6. The game of the fourth is an exhibition against Boston University and the second is the league opener against Harvard.

Naturally the Reds are looking forward to these games with eagerness; their chances of success are very good. In the initial tilt of the season they succeeded in tying Verdun 2-2. Then a scant two days later they humbled a very strong Grad team 12 to 6. This is a promising beginning, and it is hoped that similar victory may attend them in the league schedule.

Team Intact

So far the McGill team has not suffered due to injuries, a factor which jeopardized the chances of many Red teams in other sports this year. If this continues the trophy will probably spend the coming year in McGill. The first home game of the season is against Yale, January 20.

The tentative Red line-up is as follows: Fyfe, Johnson, Perrin, Dunn, Brands, Dickison, Walker, Keefer, Young, MacDonald, Doheny, Owen, Hibbard, Morrison and Palmer.

Grads to Play

The next two games of the McGill Grads are to take place at Rye, N.Y. on January 2 and 3, against U. of T. and Queens. These two exhibition tilts were ordinarily played by the Reds themselves, but this year due to late arrangement of the schedule they were unable to play. The Grads are going in to uphold McGill prestige this year.

Undergraduate Society has faithfully promised to have the mistletoe hanging by nine o'clock this morning, so watch your step.

Why A McGill Outing Club?

By GRANT TOWNSEND

The McGill Ski Club as it has been known for the last three years, has stood for the only organized body of skiers at McGill. Among other interesting things it is famous for being the largest club in actual members enrolled on the campus.

Unfortunately, however, a little difficulty has arisen, mainly due to a misunderstanding of sorts as to what a McGill SKI CLUB should consist of. . . . I shall try to explain. . . .

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The name "McGill Ski Club" can **only** be applied to an organization consisting of a group of competing skiers who **THROUGH THEIR RESPECTIVE ABILITIES are entitled to represent the University in Intercollegiate ski contests as members of a McGill ski team.**

Carried a step further, this means that the executive of a strictly "legal" McGill Ski Club can consist **only** of a manager (of the ski team), a captain (of the team), the coach and Major Forbes (the athletic manager). In such case the jurisdiction of the club comes **directly** under the Athletic Office, **and thus has nothing to do with the student body as a whole,** excepting where they are **individual members of the ski teams.**

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Now a few reasons for the organisation of the 'Greater' McGill Ski Club,—the M.O.C. (McGill Outing Club), as it is now called.

The REAL Ski Club members, i.e., members of the college ski teams of the last few years, were ambitious enough and imbued with enthusiasm enough, to take as their motto 'the improvement of skiing at McGill'. To make this mean anything it was necessary to win converts and then to show them how skiing could almost become "a way of life". Just how well they succeeded is told in the membership roll of the Club. An organization grew up which filled the need of those competitors who wishing to race and being ineligible through lack of qualifications for the various teams, still needed a club to race for. Ultimately non-competitors were solicited, in the hope that a homogeneous unit could be made of all skiers at McGill for the mutual benefit of all. But even being so closely affiliated, there were, and are in reality, two separate clubs, which could not 'legally' become as one **under the name** McGill Ski Club.—(Reasons outlined above).

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The Ski Club being the 'parent' organization, it naturally happened that the executive posts of the new club would be filled by its members. All went well, but then a constitution was drawn up for a **proposed** McGill Ski Club, a combination organization in which competitors and non-competitors

(Continued on Page Eight)

INTRAMURAL

Teams may secure practice periods by application at PL. 4488.

Managers are urged to have their teams organized well in advance of their playing dates and thereby avoid defaulted games. Teams which default more than one game may find themselves out of the league.

INTERCLASS HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Group A.	Group B.	Group C.
Arts Sc. 1	Arts Sc. 2	Arts Sc. 3
Commerce 2	Commerce 4	Commerce 3.
Engineering 2	Engineering 3	Law 1
Dentistry 3	Medicine 2	Engineering 1
		Commerce 1

Arts Sc. 1	vs.	Commerce 2
Law 1	"	Commerce 1
Dentistry 3	"	Engineering 2
Arts Sc. 3	"	Engineering 1
Arts Sc. 2	"	Commerce 4
Arts Sc. 1	"	Engineering 2
Arts Sc. 2	"	Engineering 3
Commerce 3	"	Engineering 1
Law 1	"	Arts Sc. 3
Commerce 3	"	Commerce 1
Commerce 2	"	Dentistry 3
Law 1	"	Engineering 1
Commerce 4	"	Medicine 2
Commerce 3	"	Law 1
Arts Sc. 3	"	Commerce 1
Arts Sc. 1	"	Dentistry 3
Commerce 1	"	Engineering 1
Arts Sc. 2	"	Medicine 2
Engineering 2	"	Commerce 2
Engineering 3	"	Commerce 4

The Interfaculty schedule will begin immediately after the holidays and since the "Daily" will suspend publication for a few days, players and managers are advised to consult the notice boards in their respective buildings for dates and particulars of games.

Players can obtain hockey sticks for a fraction of their cost from "Andy" at the Rink.

BASKETBALL

The basketball schedule will be discontinued until after the holidays when Class Managers are advised to keep an eye on the Intramural Notice boards for notices of games.

The Intramural Department wishes all students a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year and looks for bigger and better participation in Intramural Sports in the coming year.

'Mistletoe at Christmas' Is Co-eds' Plea

(Continued from Page Five)

of them replied, "Yes, sure." Said another emphatically, "It certainly should," and one remarked, "They might at least let us have it at Christmas time." And though not quite so frank about it, the freshettes — and most of the other co-eds — seem to hold the same opinion.

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The Executive of the Arts

Verdun Juniors Humble Reds In Rugged Game

Hellyer, Farmer, Ward, Smith, Red Stars

By M F.

The McGill Junior hockeyists dropped a hard-fought 6-3 decision to the Verdun Maple Leafs at the Forum last night. Although playing a losing game, the Juniors fought with spirit and determination, and seemed to improve as time wore on, leaving the game with a definite edge over their rivals.

McGill opened the scoring on a beautiful passing play between Farmer and Ward. Ward broke up a rush with a pretty sweep check. Farmer picked up the loose puck and weaved his way down the ice, slipped the old rubber back to Ward, who slammed it home for the opening counter. Verdun then buckled down, and Gladu scored on passes from Roussignol and Grunninger. Ward got chased for boarding, and Herbert pushed one in from a melee for Verdun. During Ward's sojourn in the cooler, Ritchie turned in some spectacular net-minding, and Farmer excelled on the forward line, rushing, and back-checking like Howie Morenz himself. The period ended with McGill on the thin end of a 3-1 score and Verdun a man short.

Verdun Story.

Verdun had a definite advantage in the third period, scoring three times. McGill were handicapped by a pair of overlapping penalties. Outsanding in this frame were Ward on the defence, who broke up rush after rush, aided and abetted by Drew, and Ritchie, whose stops were as plentiful as sensational.

The McGill team awoke in the third period to see Fulion rifle yet another Leaf shot into the net. From then on, McGill had a decided edge over Verdun. Led by Smith, the Redmen charged down the rink again and again, only to be repulsed by the eagle-eyed netminding of Bessette in the Verdun goals. Hellyer finally plugged one in on a pass from Marshall. Another see-saw battle followed which featured the impregnability of the Ward-Drew-Ritchie defence system. Hellyer, who played a standout game in this frame, then scored the final goal on a pass from Keay.

The teams:

McGill		Verdun
Ritchie	goal	Bessette
Ward	defence	Lessard
Morrison	defence	Berry
Farmer	centre	P. Desbiens
Holden	wing	Gauthier
Dunn	wing	Hebart

McGill Subs:
Keay, Drew, Derrosiers, Smith, Hellyer, Marshall, Bradwell.
Verdun Subs:
Grunninger, Fillion, Gladu, Roussignol, R. Desbiens, Peters, Richards.

First Period.

1—McGill..Ward (Farmer) ... 3.05
2—Verdun..Gladu (Roussignol, Grunninger) . 5.07
3—Verdun..Hebert 11.39
Penalties: Ward, Farmer, Lessard.

Second Period.

4—Verdun..Roussignol (Grunninger, Peters) 0.32
5—Verdun..Fullion (P. Desbiens) 11.10
6—Verdun..P. Desbiens (Hebert, Berry) 14.46
Penalties: Keay, Holden, Gauthier.

Third Period.

7—Verdun..Fullion 7.04
8—McGill..Hellyer (Marshall) 8.40
9—McGill..Hellyer (Keay) ...13.38
Penalties: Ward, Keay, Roussignol.
Referee: Jack McGill.

Sadie Hawkins Slide Slated for January

All precedent will be broken as for the first time a female-sponsored sports event is scheduled for the coming Sadie Hawkins celebrations. On this week the women will sponsor a "Sadie Slide."

This will be held at the Park Slide in the fourth week of January, and will feature tobogganing, dancing, and refreshments. It will be a fun-full evening for all who are lucky enough to attend.

Last year the M. W. S. A. A. sponsored a Sports Jamboree but it was decided that this new idea would be very well received, and would give the outdoor sport enthusiasts their chance this year. The girls will of course invite their escorts, and the tickets at 75c a couple, may be obtained from any one of the coeds Sports managers, Lila Redmond, Nancy Nicol, Maryellen Rossiter, Alicia Langley, Margo Van Reet, Dorothy Boyce, Frances McLeod, Sylvia Grove, Margery Gaunt, Dora Proven and Margaret Main.

N.Y. Trip Cancelled

Because there were not enough people to go down to New York tonight, the Delaware and Hudson has cancelled the proposed party rate and special coach offered to McGill students.

thermal
by pope

Last Friday's dinner meeting, the first of a series designed to spread a more complete knowledge of gliding and soaring among the members of the club and the interested public, was very satisfactory. Over thirty people were present, of whom a large percentage were not members, but curious to learn more about the sport. This is what we like to see. The attendance of members at informative meetings is expected but it is most encouraging to note that their interest is being infused into their friends.

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Rumours reach us from time to time that the Flying Club is considered a rather exclusive organization. We find it hard to understand how such a legend—if it does exist—could ever have taken root. Nothing could be more false. Any person who wishes is welcome to attend any announced meeting, to drop in at the club workshop behind the C.O.T.C. building at any time, or to watch the flying at the field of operations. Very shortly now a clubroom will become a part of the workshop and when this long-awaited event becomes an actuality we expect that friends, finding the premises more comfortable and cheery, will be less hesitant about visiting the shop to find what all the hammering is about. Liquid bait may even be provided.

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The club was happy to welcome to Friday evening's dinner Flight Commander A. H. Sandwell, whose column, "What's up in the Air", which appears in the Montreal Star every Saturday, has kept the air-minded public in touch with the latest in aviation for many years. In these days, when his readers are clamouring for volumes of information and offering mountains of ideas, we feel that he paid the club a bit of a compliment by coming along to see what went on.

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With Christmas holidays closing in we shall be deprived of this medium for getting in touch with people but if anyone at any time wishes to obtain information they have only to call ELwood 7271 and, if the writer is not in, leave a message.

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For some time now shop work has been given precedence over flying, and this will probably continue until the winch has been completed. This should not take long. Plans are afoot to complete it in time to get in some flying during the holidays, and it appears quite probable that it may be finished. Nothing is left to do except the little jobs of fitting controls and making minor adjustments. We feel that we may safely predict that those who visit the field and see this miracle of engineering in action for the first time will be amazed. In itself it is a most impressive affair, even when quiet, but with the motor's eight cylinders in a full-throated roar and a machine at seven hundred feet on the end of the cable it should be practically unbelievable.

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The editor has been in our hair on several occasions to take the copy out of the typewriter after passing the sixth paragraph, so, as a sort of Yuletide gesture, we are going to slip this in his stocking. First, however, let us wish everyone, who has had the fortitude to follow our career thus far, a happy holiday, a merry Christmas and the best of New Years, not only on our own behalf but for every member of the Flying Club.

Lucy met a train.
The train met Lucy.
The train was juicy.
The juice was Lucy.
—Purdue Exponent.

They call her checkers because she always jumps when you make a move.—Queen's Journal.

"What brought you here?"
"Two policemen."
"Drunk, I suppose?"
"Yes, both of them."
—Queen's Journal.

Former Red Athletes Overseas With Canadian Fighting Forces

With the announcement that Canada's first Overseas Force has landed in Britain, comes the realization that McGill has already contributed to the ranks of the Canadians in Britain. Prominent among those who have gone to serve are three famous McGill graduates, who distinguished themselves in athletics as well as in student activities.

On active service "somewhere in Britain" are Dr. Don Young, Dr. Charlie Letourneau, and Don Smaill. Don Young was one of the most famous Redmen McGill has ever produced. Dr. Young is with the 9th Field Ambulance. From 1928 to 1934 he added glory to the many Red teams on which he starred. As a rugby player he was extremely versatile. He played at quarterback, outside, and most prominently at flying wing, gained all-star recognition several years running in that position. He was with the team from '28 to '34, captaining the Senior squad in '31, '32 and '33. Don Young was also a brilliant basketball star. He played on McGill teams from '28 to '34, and captained the hoopsters in 1930. He was also prominent in other activities, serving on the Athletic Board, and being a member of the Scarlet Key.

Don Smaill came to McGill from Glebe Collegiate, and immediately distinguished himself as a basketball star. He played Senior basketball from 1928 to 1935. He captained the team from '31-'32, and again in '34-'35. He is one of Coach Van Wagner's all-time greats. Don Smaill didn't restrict his athletic activities to basketball. He starred with the Intermediate Football team for two years. Other extra-curricular activities absorbed his interest, too. He was President of the Scarlet Key, Vice-President of the Union for the session '32-'33, and President for the two years following.

Dr. Letourneau the third Redmen was not only an athlete but always took a great interest in developing future stars. He played Senior rugby and Intermediate hockey while at McGill, and on his graduation took to helping the younger men along. Last year he coached the Junior hockey team until forced to resign due to pressing business affairs. Dr. Letourneau was also in the Medical Society, the Newman Club, and on the Scarlet Key. He is also with the Ninth Field Ambulance Brigade.

McGILL TO SKI AT LAKE PLACID

Varsity Students Go to Lac Mercier

Youth Hostel to Co-operate in Accommodating Skiers

Ski enthusiasts of McGill are offered an eight day excursion at Lake Placid, with special rates. Due to the rapid adoption of skiing as a major winter sport, the Laurentians are the resort of many college students, both American and Canadian, and to about 500, this holiday is known as College Week, at Lake Placid, while Toronto Varsity Ski Club will be staying at Lac Mercier. The accommodations at Lake Placid have been rapidly filled to capacity and a strictly McGill Week is being planned for the near future.

In close co-operation, The Canadian Youth Hostel Association and Les Auberge de la Jeunesse of Quebec will accommodate the ski enthusiasts of Varsity and McGill. Those of Varsity are to occupy the hostel at Lac Mercier, where every provision is being made for their comfort. The Hostel accommodates a hundred men, and an adjoining building will be housed by 25 girls.

Expenses include train fare, hotel rates and meals being extra. There is one condition necessary for the trip. All who make it must be members of the Canadian Youth Hostel Association, membership to which can be obtained through the payment of a nominal fee.

The annual trip to Limberlost will be made later in the season, and in addition, other trips are being considered, two of which are Collingwood and Orangeville.

Sweet Adeline,
For thee I pine,
But while I'm here I'll take a beer
With a coed who's mine.
—Silver & Gold.

Said mama bear to papa bear as baby bear placidly sat down on a cactus plant, "Do you suppose we've got one of those 'Dead End' kids?"
—Silver & Gold.

"I feel a draught," said the bartender as his thumb slipped into the beer mug.—Silver & Gold.

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THE DOCTOR

(Continued from Page Two)

howl of the wind. He plunged on and on, but still the light seemed to be just as far away.

He was just about to sink down and give up when he became sure that he was getting nearer. Before he had gone another dozen paces he was quite convinced he was nearing the light, and soon could see that it was coming from the window of a small cabin. Eagerly he pushed on and thumped on the door, and after a moment it was opened by an elderly man. His body was bent with age but his face was lit with a radiant smile, and Jim was dazzled with the brightness of the room, and yet could not see where the light was coming from. The old man motioned him in and shut the door.

He seemed to know exactly what Jim needed and after seating him in front of the fire and taking off his snow-shoes he poured him a steaming hot cup of coffee. Jim wondered who he was, but the old man spoke not a word, and the radiant smile never left his face. Jim explained his errand, and the old man nodded as if he had known about it beforehand, but took no part in the conversation. Half an hour later Jim set out, warm and rested, and to his delight discovered that the snow had stopped falling, and the moon was shining bright and clear. The old man pointed out a new trail to Jim, and a footbridge across the canyon that Jim had never seen before, and then with a cheery wave of his hand went inside. Jim decided that it would be best to follow the old man's directions and cross the canyon higher up instead of returning to the old trail and crossing by the bridge in the shadow of the Balancing Rock. He ran on now, up the final mile, and in no time reached the Simpson's cabin, where he was given a warm welcome. . . .

Christmas day dawned bright, and Doctor Jim was probably the happiest man in the village, for he could still hear Mrs. Simpson's tears of joy and Mr. Simpson's shaky voice as he tried to frame words of thankfulness. But Jim was sadly puzzled. All morning he had been making enquiries about the man who lived in the shack on the edge of the canyon, but no one knew anything of him ,nor of the bridge across the canyon.

So Christmas afternoon Jim stole away determined to prove to his own satisfaction that there was a shack, and that there was a bridge. Once more he climbed up the mountain trail and went on till he reached the canyon. There he received a distinct shock, for he was astonished to see that the load of snow and ice had been too much for the Balancing Rock and had caused it to crash **onto the bridge**. Then Jim realized that and pushed on up the usual trail instead of following the light, while groping in the blanket of the blizzard, he would have stepped off the approach to the bridge into the canyon.

Shivering at the thought he returned to the spot where he had turned off the trail the night before. He followed along at some distance to the canyon for a few moments and soon came to some prints of snowshoes. He fitted them with his and they matched exactly. He followed the prints for a hundred yards or so, and then he came to a place where they were all mixed up, but there was but one trail leaving the spot and that went straight to the edge of the canyon. Jim frowned and he was still more astounded when he saw prints of snowshoes on the opposite bank of the canyon. Where was the bridge? Where were the cabin and the old man? Jim scouted around for some time to make sure that he was in the right spot. Yes he thought, there's the big pine tree with the broken branches littered around it that he had seen outside the cabin door the night before.

Jim was puzzled. What was the meaning of it? At length failing to get any light on the matter he made his way slowly from the hill, shaking his head, a sadly puzzled man. Half-way down he stopped and looked back. The pine on top of the hill stood out against the pure white blanket of snow, and with its branches loaded down with snow, seems to Jim's puzzled eyes to be like a giant sentinel, guarding the weary traveller.

THE DUKE'S CHRISTMAS DINNER

(Continued from Page One)

The Bishop now, his brain befogged with wine,
Decided that the Duke must know the worst,
(So far, no one had dared to beard the lion
And see the couple banished and accursed.)

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With shaking mirth, he stumbled to his feet,
And, to the Duke, he dared these words address:
"My honored Sire, I hold it right and meet
That you should share this couple's happiness."

"Your wife, behold, and this cuckolding Lord,
Before your very eyes hold tete-a-tete;
A jest it is, which rocks this merry board,
That you should humour such a sorry state."

The mirth subsided, for the old Duke's face
Was flushed with rage as, quickly, he arose;
Much less to make complete his dame's disgrace
Than to avenge himself on these gay foes.

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Nor was there any man in that broad land
Who dared to bear the brunt of Grandall's wrath;
And as he strode, beside the door to stand,
The mockers scattered, fearful, from his path.

His voice the hall with thund'rous echoes shook,
"Fair-weather friends, your ruses now I know;
And rather than remain, my rage to brook,
Begone! You'll find 'tis warmer in the snow

Than in this Ducal castle, where tonight
I would have made you welcome, bade you feast.
Begone! And carry with you in your flight
My wife, who has enslaved that Lordly beast!"

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No further word was needed; from that place
The nobles fled, as leaves before a wind.
The Duke remained, but in a moment's space
No other living soul was left behind.

He sunk into his chair before the fire,
And watched unheeding, as a trembling pair
Of castle servants, fearful of his ire,
Silently cleared the board of all its fare.

But as he saw his servants' mean attire,
And watched them timidly his presence shun,
Within his heart there moved a strange desire;
He sudden thought: The feast is not yet done!

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He sent them for his butler, and in haste,
With gaiety restored, he ordered thus:
"Bring back the feat, and have it yonder placed;
You and your men this night shall dine with us."

Again the castle rang with merry sounds,
As man and master, side by side, had part
Of that great feast; and happiness abounds,
For Christmas joy had filled his hardened heart.

Why A McGill Outing Club?

by GRANT TOWNSEND

(Continued from Page Seven)

were to be joint members. This constitution was never accepted by the Athletic Board, the main reason being the use of the name McGill Ski Club and what it was to imply. However the club was so large by this time that the situation was allowed to continue until such time as the Outing Club could advance under its own steam.

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This year the introductory process for the separation has already taken place, the SKI CLUB executive as recently voted in having taken over their corresponding posts in the new M.O.C. (McGill Outing Club).

Next year, this latter will be the official organization for ALL skiers on the Campus, and the final problems concerning separation and administration will be ironed out.

At the same time the term "McGill Ski Club" will disappear from the 'ken' of men as it will re-hoist its older and more familiar colours of the 1st, 2nd, or 3rd Ski Teams.

Ski Heil, Hickory Blades!

JIM JAM, NO JUMPING GIVE

(Continued from Page Two)

look back to see how Jim was doing, being otherwise occupied.

The first train came in and there was no Jim. I waited for him but when the second train had come and gone I began to wonder what had happened to him. Maybe, I thought, he was in trouble. Just before the third train arrived Jim staggered into the station.

Now I have always admired people who can keep their temper, and I consider that it was entirely unnecessary for Jim to swear all the way home. True, he had had a difficult time, due to turning right instead of left and becoming embroiled with a fence. There is a creek there I know, but I did not intentionally forget to tell him about it. It just slipped my mind. And last of all to be accused of deliberately lying just because the St. Christophe had not been a hundred percent perfect and had been if anything, said Jim, an added cause of falling, is I think unfair both to St. Christophe and me. I felt this very deeply and I told Jim that he should not be so superstitious. It just happened that by then we were waiting at the station in Ste. Adele for a sleigh to take us home because I thought Jim would like it. While we waited, a Montreal train steamed in. I had made my remark about being superstitious as it began to leave and before I knew what had happened Jim gave a wild shout,

"Superstitious! you would need to be supernatural!"

And with that he leapt on that train and for the first time I noticed that as regards the back there was not as much of his slacks as there had once been. I felt sure he would get off at Piedmont or somewhere when he had cooled down, and come back; but he didn't and my Father had to pay freight to send his things on to Manitoba.

There is the complete story and the whole family feel that it is downright libelous for him to go around saying that all we are, is a bunch of barrel-staved barbarians. As the poet put it, "How bitter is ingratitude!" We only tried to help him. As far as we are concerned, from now on he can do without the finer things of life and stick to snowshoeing.

REMBRANDT AND THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

(Continued from Page Two)

to the door I remembered that I didn't have a key in the red coat I was wearing. My face became pallid. Then, gathering my wits, I walked to the parlour window in order to force it open. I guess that it what awaken Rembrandt.

I had just climbed through the window and was standing before the Christmas tree wiping the perspiration from my chin under the beard when I heard a noise coming down the stairs. It was Rembrandt. I almost became pallid but then I remembered the way Santa Claus is supposed to act.

So when Rembrandt came into the room I put my hands on my stomach and said in a deep voice, "Ho ho, my little one."

"Ho ho yourself," said Rembrandt.

"I am Santa Claus," I said, lying.

'Yah, where are my presents?" said Rembrandt.

"Here they are, my little one," I said, starting to perspire. I opened my bag and started pulling out the presents. Rembrandt is very intellectual, so I had bought presents accordingly. The first one was a book on a philosophical subject.

"Here is a book on a philosophical subject," I said.

"Gnats," said Rembrandt.

"Here is a new reading lamp."

"Phooey," said Rembrandt, starting to get red in the face.

"Here is a new chess game," I said starting to get worried.

"Where is what I ordered?" said Rembrandt. "Where are my boxing gloves, and the baseball bat, and the roller skates, and the picture of Hedy Lamarr?"

"There aren't any," I said, feeling warm under my red coat.

"Okay, you asked for it," said Rembrandt, rolling up the sleeves of his pyjamas. Rembrandt took the bag that was between us and pushed it out of the way. Then he grabbed the book on the philosophical subject and knocked off the red nightcap with it. Then he caught hold of my beard and started pulling. The beard came off.

"Ha," said Rembrandt, "you are a fake."

"You are not even Santa Claus," said Rembrandt, starting to roll down his sleeves.

"No," I said blushing.

"I knew you were not Santa Claus because you didn't bring me what I ordered. I shall now wait up for the real Santa Claus," said Rembrandt sitting down under the tree. I went out of the room.

Sometimes I think that I am a coward and a weakling not to tell him.

—COKEY.

PROPOS AQUATIQUES

(Continued from Page One)

devient de la glace sèche. Faites en l'expérience vous-même, prenez un morceau de glace sèche, faites-le fondre. Obtenez-vous de l'eau mouillée? L'existence de la vapeur sèche, n'est-elle pas une autre preuve de la vérité de mon avancé.

Toutes ces études scientifiques m'amenèrent bientôt à une découverte sensationelle. Une invention qui révolutionnera, l'industrie du transport maritime, et aerien, l'industrie de la réfrigération, la construction des pouvoirs hydrauliques, le domaine du ski et du patin, l'industrie des costumes de bain, en un mot une découverte qui changera la face du monde et aussi quelle surprise. . . .

Je me réveillai à l'eau.

WINTER TWILIGHT

(Continued from Page Two)

No reply, except the confused echoes from the surrounding hills, that pressed in closer and more menacing than ever, and the tumult in his brain.

"Ruth! Where are you? Ruth!"

The grim Laurentian hills chuckled back at him with the sound of his own voice.

—ROBERT D. HARRIS.

The Earth Turns

(Continued from Page Six)

fic means through the machinery of the League of Nations. But the test of collective security was to come later when the have-not nations created at Versailles, were sufficiently recuperated from the war to launch their military and diplomatic offensive for the territorial redivision of the world.

League Failure

It may be frankly stated that there never was a time in the history of Europe when conditions were less favourable for the functioning of a collective security system than in the last decade. In view of the forceful undercurrent of forces which were increasingly building up antagonisms between the nations and within the nations themselves it would have been a miracle if such a new type of organization could have immediately accomplished its ideal of international peace and security. But even then the League would never have collapsed so soon if it had not been let down by these powers who for a while were its most powerful exponents. It is a strange paradox that when the first real test of that organization came with the Japanese invasion of Manchuria it was a non-League member, the United States, which was alone prepared to denounce this act of aggression. But the tragic fact about the League is that it had already become itself an arena of power politics. At the present time its ideals live but its practical function has changed. In the field of international politics the League is now a propaganda weapon capable of being used in many dubious ways.

This observer wishes his readers a very pleasant vacation.

—S. R. Z.

1939 CHRISTMAS CAROL

Sing softly to this little child
That he may soundly sleep,
Let not the roar of guns without
Come loudly to his ears.

Why bring ye these gifts unto this child?
What gifts are these ye bring?
Are ye the Eastern kings of old
With frankincense and myrrh?

In solemn pilgrimage art come
To bow before this child?—
No Magi old, but statesmen these,
And soldiers—men of war.

Bring not these gifts unto this child—
These guns, this hell of steel!
Not gifts of war unto my child—
Ah Magi false, begone!

"Know ye not Christ who died for men—
Christ in swaddling clothes?
Know ye the Magi brought him gifts,
Gifts from their treasured hoards?"

What! is this Christ then, born again
And born again to die?
To die upon a barbed-wire cross
On Calvary no-man's land?

No, take back your gifts, of pain and death!
Let him not honored be.
This Child of mine shall not be Christ;
A simple shepherd he.

This child shall live among his flocks
And breathe the air of peace,
Be nourished by the breast of love,
Nor know the cannon's roar.

Sing softly to this little child
And let him sweetly sleep.
Still, still be the guns upon the plain.
Please, God—not born to die!

—GLENNA JOSEPHSON.

Lost

Lost somewhere on the campus last Thursday a Z.B.T. fraternity pin. Will the finder please return it to Fred Barton in the Engineering Building or phone CR. 1229.

Lost

At Arts Xmas Informal, blue and white club pin, gold lettering spelling PROSPICIENS. Finder please return to Alex at Tuck Shop or Bill Gentleman.

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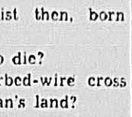

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